

THE
FOOL OF QUALITY;

OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY EARL OF MORELAND.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

BY MR BROOKE.

VOL. I.

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TO
THE RIGHT RESPECTABLE
MY
ANCIENT AND WELL-BELOVED PATRON,
THE
P U B L I C.

“ **W**HY don't you dedicate
to Mr PITT ?”

Because, Sir, I would rather set forth my own talents than the virtues and praises of the best man upon earth. I love to say things that no one else ever thought of, extraordinary, quite out of the common way. I scorn to echo the voice of every fellow that goes the road. Whether the vessel of the commonwealth sink or swim, what is it to me ? I am but a passenger.

"But, then, there is a manner in doing things, you know."

No, Sir, it is no business of mine. Mr Pitt is the patron of my patron; let my patron then dedicate to him, and welcome; dedicate statues, temples, monuments as lasting as the benefits conferred! It is nothing to me; neither will I say a syllable more about the matter.

May it please your Respectableness.

THOUGH the Dedication is the shortest part of the book, and held by all readers to be the vilest and most contemptible; yet the writer and his patron, the Dedicator and the Dedicatee, have a different way of thinking; the latter, on account of the incense that it breathes, and the former, on account of the profit that it brings, look upon it as the

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most important part of the performance.

Alas ! how little consideration is left for the race of writers, among the race of readers, especially on this chapter of Dedications.

Your Respectableness, perhaps, hath not duly perpended the travail, the toil, the marvellous drudgery, the muck that Dedicators are obliged to pass through, and the fences of truth over which they must break, in order to cull, select, and sublimite an offering fit to lay upon the altar of adulation.

Through what a world of weeds do they range to gather their little nosegays ! from what a profusion of offences do they extract their fumes ! and how many nights do they watch, to concentre and realize a single mouthful of moon-

shine for the gratification of their patrons !

The trades also, incumbent upon them, are manifold, such as painting, patching, and plaistering; of embroidering, shaping, and shaving; and of trying, trimming, and tailoring; in order to smooth and garnish the man "whom it delighteth them to honour," and to furnish him with a full suit of praises.

But your Respectableness, I humbly hope, would not wish me to be at all this trouble; for indeed trouble is a thing that I do not affect. There is, also, a kind of delicacy requisite in tickling the ribs of vanity. I am, at best, but a downright sort of a fellow; and should I awkwardly presume to dash your merits full into the chops of your modesty, I might

deserve but ill at the hands of your Respectableness.

My grandmother, peace be with her ! I remember one thing among the many good advices which she gave, and I forgot. "Never disgrace yourself," quoth she, "in order to do honour to any one breathing." Think not, therefore, my most respectable Patron, that I will either debase myself by cajoling you to your face, or do violence to truth, by any kind of panegyric, when your back shall be turned.

That I have received many favours from your Greatness, and have a competent sense of gratitude for the same, is most certain. It is also true, that all my studies and labours have been applied for your service, and that I wished no other death than that of laying

down my life for your sake. Yet, with all my love for your person, and endeavours for your prosperity, I cannot find about me the smallest scantling of veneration for your virtues.

You have, however, the satisfaction to be quite easy upon this score, and no way to be mortified at any sentiments to your disadvantage. Your fund of good humour on such occasions is inexhaustible; and you have often joined with me in reproving and ridiculing your own vices and follies, which at all times you take more pleasure to rally than I apprehend you will at any time take pains to amend.

I remember, that in my youth I was a great builder of castles, and having your interest always at heart, and seldom out of my head,

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I employed my time in forming a thousand romantic and airy schemes for your advantage.

I once proposed to build your happiness on religion, on Christian piety, and a deep sense of duty ; but, having in vain sought a foundation whereon I might lay the first stone, the superstructure vanished, like the clouds of last September.

I then attempted to plan the establishment of your liberty and renown, upon the ancient and approved principles of the SPARTAN POVERTY. As this had been barely a heathen virtue ; as it had raised and supported that great and glorious people through many succeeding centuries, in an uninterrupted enjoyment of freedom, power, and prosperity ; and as nothing appeared to be wanting to the accomplishment of this scheme, save

a few simple articles, such as moderation, content, self-denial, and so forth, I made no doubt of your embracing the terms with joy.

On paying my first visit, your Respectableness was just come from a Corporation-auction, where I was told you had set your OWN MOTHER up to sale; but your Dignity was so drunk at the cost of the bidders, that I chose to defer matters to a more sober opportunity.

On my next address, I understood that the equipage of your Respectableness was in waiting; for it is not with you now as in the days of Queen Bess. You were hastening to see the Italian puppet-show. As I advanced to pay my respects, I was dazzled by the ornaments with which you had glorified your person, all the product

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of foreign looms, and of foreign labours; your linen of the Netherlands, your point of Spain, your ruffles of Dresden, with a full suit in the cut of France, and trimmed like that of the three brothers in a Tale of a Tub. In short, you were so satisfied, so wrapt, so full of your finery, you could then attend to nothing, save the contemplation of your fair self.

I had still patience. I watched my time. I attended you late on a Sunday-evening, when I thought you at leisure from the fervour of your devotions. But how was I struck of a heap, when your footmen informed me, that some noblemen and ladies, of the most fashionable distinction, had engaged you for the afternoon, at the GAMING TABLE!

Soon after, I was apprised, that

what with spending your time and money, in running to raree-shows; in playing four corners and a fool; in drinking, dressing, drabbing, gormandizing and gambling; the finances of your Respectableness were considerably sunk. It also came to my ear, that you were hugely fond of COCK MATCHES, though you kept them as far as possible from your own dunghill; that it was your custom to bet on one side, and then to bet on t'other side, and to lose your money on all sides; and that, by these and the former means, your Respectableness was dipt so up to the ears in debt, it was thought your yearly income would, in time, barely answer the interest of what you owed.

It was now confidently affirmed, may it please your Respectable-

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ness, that you yourself were apprehensive of being reduced to sudden indigence; and I eagerly seized this occasion of waiting upon you, in order, as I trusted, to reconcile you to your fate, and possibly, to delight you with the prospect of your approaching poverty. For I sighed when I reflected on your intemperate and unbounded thirst after riches; that death to national nature, which had proved the mortal poison of Greece and Rome, and of all the people who tasted it, from the beginning of the world to this present good day.

Being shewn to your apartment, I perceived your Greatness seated in a moody kind of attitude. But, having formerly had the honour of being known to you, I took a chair without ceremony; and, chatting with you a while about the weather,

the news of the day, and such like ponderous matters, as sage ministers and sage politicians are wont to do, I began to introduce and open the business.

Pray, Mister, said your Dignity, (somewhat short,) have you any particular business with me at this time? I am come, may it please you, said I, to propose a speedy and effectual method for the supply of all your wants. At these agreeable tidings, all the ears your Respectableness had were pricked up and opened to audience.—Go on, my good friend, dispatch, in Heaven's name.

May it please you, added I, it was the custom of all the seers and sages of ancient days, to introduce truth and wisdom under the covering of fable; and this covering was as a nut-shell; if your teeth were able to

crack it, you had the kernel for your pains. Permit me then, at least, to imitate their manner; for, though the matter should happen to drop by the way, the first traveller who takes it up may be bettered thereby.

Once upon a time, for so says my story, a householder, with his family, was cast on a certain island, where, through a process of years, they propagated till they became a little nation. The soil was exceeding fertile, but there was neither river nor spring in all the land. Nature, however, had provided for this defect, by a kind of fruit that perfectly allayed the thirst; it was bitter to the taste, but left an agreeable flavour in the mouth, and gave health, spirits, and vigour to the whole constitution; and it was called by a name which, in our language, signifies, as nearly as I can.

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render it, THE FRUIT OF ABSTINENCE.

There were also other fruits, of a species wholly the reverse of the former; for the flavour of these was extremely delicious; but then they inflamed the thirst, enervated the frame, and were called by a name that signified THE FRUIT OF INDULGENCE.

As almost all people made this latter fruit a part of their daily food, the national thirst, in time, became so great, that the liturgy of their church was altogether composed of prayers for rain. O Jupiter, some water, a little water! dear Mister Jupiter, water, water, water! we pray for nothing but water! sink us, plunge us, drown us, overwhelm us with water!

On the decline of every sun, several families spread out the fleeces.

of their flocks, as also their sheets and blankets, for the receiving and retaining of the nightly dew. Others furnished themselves with small alembics for distilling the urine of their household. Some took a twelvemonth's voyage to bring back as much liquid as they might subsist on for a few weeks; and the geniuses of the nation employed themselves in various projects, such as the chemical extraction of moisture from biscuit and old fiddles; as also the hanging nets of a peculiar texture on poles of due elevation, for catching the clouds.

Your Respectableness has my tale.—Can make nothing of it, say you?—Suppose the thirst of this people an emblem of their avarice, and wealth to be represented by water, in the fable.—

In short, may it please your Dig-

nity, I have brought you (here it is) a refinement on the institutions of the great Lycurgus. Could I, like the legislator of Lacedemon, prevail upon you barely to abridge your desires, you would find yourself wholly a stranger to want. You would thereby acquire the wealth of greatness, goodness, gloriousness; that peace, that solidity of sublunary enjoyment, which can only be found in sublunary POVERTY.

Scarce had I pronounced the last fatal word, when your Respectableness started up in a passion. You asked me if I had not seen the levee of duns at your gate, and the catchpoles that lurked for you at every corner. You consigned me, with a very good will, to the devil; and desired, that the next time I presumed to turn state-quack, I should not prescribe drink to a drowning man.

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As I retired under the greatest dejection of spirits,—Ho! you cried, honest friend? Mr what do they call you? come back! You, who scatter your money as fast as your words; as profuse of your purse as you are of your opinions; you who always run a mile before your rents, and live upon the harvest of the next year's sickle; are you not also a poor devil, one of the Diogenical gentleman, as very an emperor of the Tub as myself?

Preach up poverty, with a pox? first get wherewithal to pay your own debts. The ready runners! my boy, the passable pictures! the royal pages! the sparklers! the portable! the potable! Ay marry, this would do, this would fortify your argument, this would mould me to your form, and persuade me to your faith. It is this, my little lad, that would shut to the door

on all manner of temptations, and kick the corruptions you have so often complained of into the kennel. Come, cast me the nativity of this bright son of Phœbus, draw me a scheme for raising this Egyptian from the deep; and you shall be my darling, my hardling, my hourly oracle, my Apollo of Delphos, and what not?

Was your Respectableness, said I, ever told your fortune? perhaps it might bear some resemblance to my own. I was a boy, when the cunning man, peering earnestly into my palm, uttered a sentence, which I shall remember the longest day I have to live. You will always, said he, be getting a power of money; and, take my word, you will never be worth a groat.

Indeed, could I have prevailed upon your Respectableness to be

contented with poverty, I was in hopes you would have enriched your monitor for his pains ; but, in truth, I'm a very ass at this business of getting money, either for you or myself ; and as for the keeping it when I have got it, I have long since given up all thoughts of the matter. I will however do my best to add to the glories, to the virtues, as I may say, of your Respectableness, in a manner more acceptable than my present plan has proved.

I am your Dignity's most devoted, and wish you a mighty good evening.

HAVING thereafter consigned my late scheme to Bakers and Barbers, and to all the vilest applications of waste paper, I sat down to study and provide a remedy for that feverish kind of consumption.

under which your Respectableness apparently laboured during our late confabulation.

I was sensible, at the same time, that your distemper was common to many other countries, and that it was no where held to be dangerous, forasmuch as it only consisted of two articles, the Sensuality of the Body, and the Corruption of the Mind.

I also knew, that, in former ages, a great number of publics had been affected with the very malady that now possesses your Respectableness, and yet had lived merrily under it to their dying day.

I wished, however, to keep that day at some distance from your Greatness; and, with long intense labour, and at the cost of many a candle during my night-

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ly lucubrations, I compounded a medicine, of approved and infallible efficacy, consisting for the nonce, of a quantum sufficit of the TEMPERANCE and PATRIOTISM of the primitive Romans.

I knew that the cure would follow; but how to prevail upon your Respectableness to swallow the prescription, was a small matter of difficulty that yet remained. For, it is a misfortune peculiar to those who are bit by love, avarice, ambition, pride, and such passions, that they detest the thoughts of a restorative; and are so enamoured of their distemper, they would rather see the devil than Dr Apollo himself at the door.

I, again, had the honour of being admitted to an audience. I called up and exhausted all the powers

of oratory on that occasion: I demonstrated to your Respectableness, that the whole weight and elevation of the Roman State, rested simply on the two pillars of TEMPERANCE and PATRIOTISM, on which it rose, increased, and stood supported thro' many ages; till, those pillars being gradually sap-
ped, the mighty structure, with its said foundation, decayed, grew ruinous, and fell confounded together: That temperance is necessary to the strength of a man, as patriotism is necessary to the strength of a people: That each Roman, thus nerved and powerful apart, was yet strengthened, a hundred thousand fold, by an invisible chord, which run from man to man, and united all as one in the LOVE OF COUNTRY. And that hence sprung the Helicon of their abundant inspiration to toil, industry, frugali-

ty, valour, conquest, and glory. They were swallowed, like so many drops, in this ocean of patriotism; they were lost to every care and sensation of SELF; and were only found, where they laboured, fought, bled, or expired for their COUNTRY!

While, warmed and somewhat raised by the elevation of my subject, I thus reasoned on National Power, on Human Excellence, on Virtue, on Temperance, on Patriotism, and Glory; I shall never forget the kind concern which your Respectableness expressed for me, in the evident alarm and compassion of your countenance, as for a person whose fit you feared was approaching.

Being both of us more composed, your Greatness was pleased to demand, whether this Ro-

mance was wholly on my own invention; or, if I had lately been fishing the well, where truth was formerly drowned, for an Ens Rationis of some speculating philosopher? Where, you cried, in the name of wonder, have you been able to gather together such an old fashioned bundlement of scientific balderdash? You shall bring me to the practice, exactly at the period that the hogs shall be brought to feed along with the herrings; or, at the time of the appearance of the comet with the three tails; or on the week of the four Fridays, so long looked for by astrologians.--Here! exclaimed your Respectableness, who waits? All you, my Printers, Editors, and other porters who attend at the gate of the public! should this fellow come any more with these his preachments of piety, and poverty, and patriotifm, and

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stuff, I command you to shut my doors directly in his face.

May it please your Respectableness! I am but a very little man, and of a very lowly temper; and yet I could not but be piqued at the severity of this treatment. I was as a trodden worm, and turned upon your Greatness with a resentment that possibly did not become me.

May your Dignity, I replied, continue to be blessed with writers duly levelled to the taste of the reader; with the politics of court-hirelings, the poetry of laureats, the divinity of a H—y; with bawdry from the Fleet, with fragments from the kennel of Grubstreet, with strumpet Biography, with W— upon Grace, with Treatises on ———, and episcopal Essays on Spirit!

I trust that my Patron, in re-

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compence for a long life spent in his service, will pardon me the dropping of one observation.—Nay, don't look disgusted,—it is no matter of great offence, it is nothing more than this: that the nose of your Respectableness hath ever been a ready handle for the leading of a FOOL, and a FOOL shall accordingly attend you on my next visit.



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P R E F A C E.

I HATE prefaces. I never read them, and why should I write them? They stand like pales about a park; I always overleap them, if I am told there is any thing within worth seeing. But, what can I do? I am likely to lead a fine life with this performance, when people begin to quarrel with me, upon reading the first word of the first page of my work.

This friend and that friend, and t'other friend ask me, and here sits another, who is mighty curious to know, why I entitle my hero THE FOOL OF QUALITY.

Pray, was it not more decent to impute folly to one man, than to mankind, if I found myself under the necessity of doing the one or the other?

Perhaps I call him a fool, in complaisance to a world that will certainly honour him with the same title, when they find his wisdom of a size not suited to

their own—"Why, pray what is wisdom?"
—Tell me, first, what is folly? I will, then, tell you what is wisdom, if I find any smattering of it in your definition.

"I wonder, was there ever an age of "wisdom, or a land of wisdom?"—Look about you: the world will answer for itself. Does not every age and nation grow wiser and wiser? And have not all fathers, from the flood downward, been accounted no better than fools, by their posterity?—I wish I had not been born for some centuries to come. What a prodigy of wisdom should I then be, in comparison of what I am, at this day!

"Indeed, I should be glad to be wise, if "I thought I could get any thing by it."
—Right, that is all the use that the world makes of it: it is the very end, purpose, goal, and business of all the wisdom upon earth—if a man has length enough of sense to outreach all about him, by a yard and a half; he is, by a yard and a half, wiser than all his neighbours.

“ But was not Solomon then a fool to
• neglect riches, which he might have had
• with a wish; and to ask for wisdom,
• whose only use is the obtaining of riches?
• Was not this wishing to mend a round-
• about road, when a quarter of an hour
• would have carried him, by a short cut,

to the end of his journey?"—I fancy, my dear friend, it would be no great matter of additional burden to take the folly of Solomon upon your own shoulders.

For, in case he had taken the riches, how should he keep them, while any neighbouring power was wiser than himself ;

Paris was but five years younger than Solomon, when he, also, might have chosen either riches or wisdom ; and yet preferred a pretty wench to the one and to the other. I am not so young as Paris, by five times five years, and would therefore prefer the one or the other to the wench. ' You then allow that Paris was a ' blockhead in the present case ;'—Sir, I allow any man to be so, in every case, where he happens to differ in opinion from myself :—Why pray, sage Sir, have you ' got all the wisdom of the world to yourself, or what quantity thereof, think ' you, may there be upon earth ?'—Less, by five scruples, than any man in judiciary robes and a full bottom'd wig, conceives to have fallen to his own share. —' But folly you take to be multiplied ' and various :'—Of two sorts, quoth an eminent author, that which belongs to the writer, and that which belongs to the reader of these works.

‘ Sir, this is wild discourse, and very
‘ wide from the purpose. Let me tell you,
‘ the world was never so wise as now. It
‘ is filled with men of deep erudition and
‘ science.’—True, my monitor, but are
they a jot the wiser for all their know-
ledge?

‘ At the rate that you talk, in times
‘ of antient ignorance, there might have
‘ been a competent modicum of wise folk
‘ in the world :’—Possible—‘ And, by
‘ the same rule, in these our enlightened
‘ days of connoisseurship and erudition,
‘ nearly all our literati may turn out
‘ fools :’—More than probable---‘ These
‘ are riddles’—that might be solved—
‘ Explain them, I beseech you :’—Not at
present. I will tell you a story, and pray
listen. It is worth the hearing.

Fifty and five Pilgrims met, one even-
ing, at a great inn, that led to more
roads than there are points in the com-
pass. They supped merrily together, in a
large hall ; and found, upon inquiry, that
they were all bound to the Castle of
Final Repose, appointed for the reception
of the sons of Science. When the cloth
was removed ; Gentlemen, quoth the Pil-
grim who first entered, I rejoice to be join-
ed by so much good company, on these
my honourable travels ; and I am still bet-

er pleased to have it in my power to conduct every man of ye, the shortest and surest way to your journey's end. Here, gentleman, here is my map of infallible directions; the most accurate extract that ever was taken, of all inquiries, observations, and informations for the purpose. Pardon me, brother, said the Pilgrim who sat next, your map must be erroneous by at least five degrees; by five, did I say? by seven, as I hope to get to my journey's end. Look here at my map, and believe your own eyes. I'll be damn'd, cried a third Pilgrim, (peering over the maps of his neighbours, and taking out his own parchment) I'll be damn'd if the geographers, who designed the one or the other, were any better than adventurers; they never reached the place of destination I'll be sworn. Gentlemen, said a fourth, with wonderful good temper, I do not swear; but I have, critically, remarked all the charts produced. There's a blind beggar, in our town, who is led by his dog, and if he does not arrive at the place we are bound to, with better speed, and greater certainty, than any of you three, I give myself, do ye see, and all my goods, to the devils, save a small perpetuity in remainder to my son. That may be, ex-

claimed a fifth; but look ye here, my friends, here are the quotations, here are the authorities. Authorities! quoth a sixth, a fiddlestick for a hobby! are they unquestionable, unaffailable, like these in my hand? Thus, every man's chart, throughout the fifty and five, was, like the hand of the son of Hagar, against the chart of every other man. Each insisted on being accompanied, in his own way, as a matter of mere charity to all the rest. They set out, the next morning, on as many different roads as there were persons at table; and, yet no one of them ever arrived at the place proposed, if any dependence may be had on those customary posts, whom the world, from age to age, has paid for intelligence.

"I do not clearly apprehend the application of your story."—If that is not your fault, it must be my own. It is at least a dozen of the twelve labours, to beat any thing into the head of some people.—I will give you the chance of another tale.

A certain prince sent an invitation to two distant personages, to come to his court. He, further, sent such directions as could not be mistaken by any one living, who was willing to find the way. And he, lastly, sent a written promise,

signed, and sealed by the seal royal, of the most happy accommodations upon their arrival.

The one of the parties invited, was a purblind man, who barely saw sufficient to discern his road. He, accordingly, was fearful of error. He cautiously held on his way; and, thereby, reached his journey's end, the place of happy destination to which he was appointed.

The other was a man who had all his eyes about him; but he was a genius, had vast invention, and thought it a disparagement to tread in any path that had been beaten by others. He was for contriving short cuts, and opening new discoveries. He made excursions on all hands. He grew impatient of the accommodations, appointed and reserved for him, at the court of the prince. He expected them on his journey, and sought for them at every turn. He found them not. He, therefore, travelled and strayed this way, and that way, in search of them. This led him still further and further from his road; till, maimed by accident, and stiff with age, he grew equally ashamed and unable to return.

—"As plain as my nose,"—You can see the readier follow.—But, talk to me no

more about the world and its wisdom. I detest wisdom, I avoid it, I would not be bit by it. It is the Tarantula, that spins a web whereby innocence is entangled. It is a politician, who opens a gulph for the swallowing up of the people. It is a lawyer, who digs a grave for the burial of equity. It is the science of Hocus Pocus, that bids happiness, come and pass, by the virtue of cups and balls. It is a syllabub of fasting-spittle for the fattening of the Virtuosi. It is a robe with a pompous train. A wig spread to the rump. A beard lengthened to the girdle. It is a ditch of puddle, with a hoary mantle, that will not be moved to merriment by any wind that blows. It is an ass in a sumpter-cloath. An owl, solemnly perched, amidst solemn ruins, on a solemn night.

Descend to me, sweet Folly! if thou hast not, as I suspect, been my constant companion. Be thou my sister, my playfellow, thou kitten of the solemn cats of state and learning. But, no. Thou never wert the offspring of such stupid progenitors. Thou art ever joyous, ever young, although co-eval in paradise with our first parents, ere they wished for the knowledge of good and evil. Pride pretends to spurn thee; science

affects to look down upon thee; but they sigh for thee when no one sees: they have frowned thee away, and, when they seek, they shall not find thee. Come, Folly! for even thy petulance and little wickednesses become delightful, when thou incitest the yearling kids and cooing turtles to combat. Thou art not captious, thou art not testy; they laugh at thee, and thou laughest with them for company. The hours dance before thee, the graces smile in thy train. Thou art a companion for conquerors, a playfellow for crowned heads. But, alas! thou art not respected as heretofore—when the Monarch of all Asia sent his ambassadors to wait upon thee, they came, with a mighty train, even from Persepolis unto Luconia, to see thee riding upon switches, with Agesilaus and his little son.

“Indeed, my pleasant friend, thou almost persuadedst me to be a fool, during the remainder of my pilgrimage thro’ the wisdom of this world. But is there no such thing as true wisdom in nature?”—Sir, I have written a whole chapter upon the subject; but it lies a great way on, toward the end of my book; and you have much folly to wade through, before you come at it.—“Give me a peep, I beseech you.”—No Sir,

you shall not anticipate. Do you want to be in port, without making any voyage?—"If I must win my way to wisdom "inch by inch, let me set out directly." Here then begin; and pray let me have your remarks, unpremeditated, as you proceed. I will answer you, as whim or judgment shall happen to dictate.



THE
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CHAP. I.

RICHARD, the grandfather of our hero, was ennobled by James the First. He married a lovely girl of the ancient family of the Goodals in the county of Surry, and at seven years distance had two sons, Richard and Henry; but dying early in the reign of Charles the First, he bequeathed 12,000 *l.* to his youngest, and near 20,000 *l.* annual income to his eldest son; not in any personal preference to his brother, but as one

who was to support the name and honours of the family. He appointed his brother-in-law executor and guardian, who, educating the children agreeable to their different fortunes and prospects in life, in about seven years after the death of their father, sent Richard with a tutor to take the tour of Europe, and bound Henry apprentice to a considerable London merchant.

During the travels of the one and the apprenticeship of the other, the troubles happened; and Cromwell assumed the regency, before the fortune of the Morelands could be forfeited or endangered, by siding with the crown or the commonwealth.

Richard returned to England a short time before the restoration; and being too gay and too dissolute for the plodding and hypocrisy of Cromwell and his fanatics, he withdrew to the mansion-house of his forefathers.

On his landing he had inquired for his brother Henry; but hearing that he was lately married, and wholly absorbed in matters of merchandize, as he had the utmost contempt for all city and traders, he took no further notice of him.

In the country, he amused himself with his bottle, hounds, hawks, race-horses, &c.



and in debauching the persons of the neighbouring wenches, and corrupting the morals of the neighbouring squires. But, on the restoration of his Majesty, of pleasurable memory, he hastened to court, where he rolled away, and shone as in his native sphere. He was always of the party of the King, Rochester, &c. where virtue was laughed out of countenance, and where all manner of dissoluteness became amiable and recommendable by the bursts of merriment and zest of wit. But toward the latter end of this droll reign, Earl Richard, being advanced in age, and being still older in constitution than years, began to think of providing an heir to his estate; and, as he had taken vast pains to impair it, he married a citizen's daughter who wanted a title, and with her got a portion of one hundred thousand pounds, which was equally wanting on his part.

With his lady he again retreated to the country; where, in less than a year, she made him the exulting father of a fine boy, whom he called Richard.

Richard speedily became the sole center of all his mother's solitudes and affections. And though, within the space of the two succeeding years, she was delivered of a second boy, yet as his infant aspect

was less promising, and more uninformed than his brother's, she sent him forth to be nursed by the robust wife of a neighbouring farmer, where, for the space of upwards of four years, he was honoured with no token from father or mother, save some casual messages, to know from time to time if the child was in health.

This boy was called Henry, after his uncle by the father's side. The Earl had lately sent to London, to make inquiry after his brother, but could learn no manner of tidings concerning him.

Meanwhile the education of the two children was extremely contrasted. Richard, who was already entitled my little Lord, was not permitted to breathe the rudeness of the wind. On his lightest indisposition the whole house was in alarms; his passions had full scope in all their infant irregularities; his genius was put into a hot-bed, by the warmth of applauses given to every flight of his opening fancy; and the whole family conspired, from the highest to the lowest, to the ruin of promising talents and a benevolent heart.

Young Harry, on the other hand, had every member as well as feature exposed to all weathers; would run about, mother-naked, for near an hour, in a frosty

morning ; was neither physicked into delicacy, nor flattered into pride ; scarce felt the convenience, and much less understood the vanity of clothing ; and was daily occupied, in playing and wrestling with the pigs and two mongrel spaniels on the dunghill ; or in kissing, scratching, or boxing with the children of the village.

When Harry had passed his fifth year, his father, on a festival day, humbly proposed to send for him to his nurse's, in order to observe how the boy might turn out ; and my lady, in a fit of good humour, assented. Nurse, accordingly decked him out in his holiday petticoats, and walked with our hero to the great house, as they called it.

A brilliant concourse of the neighbouring gentry were met in a vast parlour, that appeared to be executed after the model of Westminster-Hall.

There was Sir Christopher Cloudy, who knew much, but said nothing ; with his very conversable lady, who scarce knew by halves, but spoke by wholesale. In the same range was Sir Standish Stately, who in all companies held the first place, in his own esteem. Next to him sat Lady Childish ; it was at least thirty years since those follies might have become her, which appeared so very ridiculous at the age of

fifty-five. By her side were the two Stiltons; a blind man would swear that the one was a clown, and the other a gentleman, by the tones of their voices. Next to these were two pair of very ill-mated turtles; Mr Gentle, who sacrificed his fine sense and affluent fortune to the vanity and bad temper of a silly and turbulent wife; and Squire Sulky, a brutal fool, who tyrannized over the most sensible and most amiable of her sex.

On the opposite side was Lord Prim, who evidently laboured hard to be easy in conversation; and next to him was Lord Flippant, who spoke nonsense with great facility. By his side sat the fair but dejected Miss Willow; she had lately discovered what a misfortune it was to be born to wit, beauty, and affluence, the three capital qualifications that lead the sex to calamity. Next to her was Colonel Jolly, with a heart ever tuned to merriment, and lungs to laughter; had he known how to time his fits, the laugh might have grown catching. Below him was seated Mrs Mirror, a widow lady, industriously accomplished in the faults of people of fashion. And below her sat the beloved and respected Mr Meekly, who always sought to hide behind the merits of the company. Next to him was Major Settle; no

one spoke with more importance on things of no signification. And beside him sat Miss Lovely, who looked sentiment, and while she was silent, inspired others with sense and virtue.

These were the principal characters. The rest could not be said to be of any character at all. The cloth had been lately removed, and a host of glasses and decanters glowed on the table, when in comes young Harry, escorted by his nurse.

All the eyes of the company were instantly drawn upon him; but he advanced, with a vacant and unobserving physiognomy, and thought no higher of the assembly than as of so many peasants at a country wake.

Dicky, my dear, says my lady, go and welcome your brother; whereat Dick went up, took Harry by the hand, and kissed him with much affection. Harry thereupon having eyed his brother, I don't know you, said he, bluntly, but at the same time held up his little mouth to kiss him again.

Dick, says my lady, put your laced hat upon Harry, that we may see how it becomes him, which he immediately did; but Harry, feeling an unusual incumbrance on his head, took off the hat, and having for some time looked contemptuously at it,

he cast it from him with a sudden and agile jerk, as he used to cast flat stones; to make ducks and drakes in the mill-pond. The hat took the glasses and decanters in full career: smash go the glasses; abroad pours the wine on circling laces, Dresden aprons, silvered silks, and rich brocades; female screams fill the parlour; the rout is equal to the uproar; and it was long ere most of them could be composed to their places.

In the mean while, Harry took no kind of interest in their outcries or distresses; but spying a large Spanish pointer, that just then came from under the table, he sprung at him like lightening, seized him by the collar, and vaulted on his back with inconceivable agility. The dog, wholly disconcerted by so unaccustomed a burden, capered and plunged about in a violent manner; but Harry was a better horseman than to be so easily dismounted: whereon the dog grew outrageous, and rushing into a group of little misses and masters, the children of the visitants, he overthrew them like ninepins; thence proceeding, with equal rapidity, between the legs of Mrs Dowdy, a very fat and elderly lady, she instantly fell backward with a violent shriek; and, in her fall, unfortunately overthrew Frank the foxhunter, who over-

threw Andrew the angler, who overthrew Bob the beau, who closed the catastrophe.

Our hero, mean time, was happily dismounted by the intercepting petticoats, and fairly laid, without damage, in the fallen lady's lap. From thence he arose at his leisure, and strolled about the room, with as unconcerned an aspect as if nothing had happened amiss, and as though he had neither art nor part in this frightful discomfiture.

When matters were once more, in some measure, set to rights,—My heavens! exclaimed my lady, I shall faint! the boy is positively an idiot; he has no apprehension or conception of persons or things. Come hither, sirrah, she cried with an angry tone; but, instead of complying, Harry cast on her a look of resentment, and sidled over toward his nurse. Dicky, my dear, said my lady, go and pretend to beat his foster-mother, that we may try if the child has any kind of ideas. Here her ladyship, by ill fortune, was as much unadvised as her favourite was unhappy in the execution of her orders; for while Dick struck at the nurse with a counterfeited passion, Harry instantly reddened, and gave his brother such a sudden push in the face, that his nose and mouth gushed out with blood. Dick set up the

roar ; my lady screamed out, and rising and running at Harry with all imaginable fury, she caught him up as a falcon would truss a robin, turned over his petticoats, and chastised him with all the violence of which her delicacy was capable. Our hero, however, neither uttered cry nor dropt a tear ; but being set down, he turned round on the company an eye of indignation, then cried, Come away, mammy, and issued from the assembly.

Harry had scarce made his exit, when his mother exclaimed after him, Ay, ay, take him away, nurse, take him away, the little devil, and never let me see his face more.

I shall not detain my reader with a tedious detail of the many and differing opinions that the remaining company expressed with regard to our hero ; let it suffice to observe, that they generally agreed, that, though the boy did not appear to be endowed by nature with a single faculty of the *animal rationale*, he might nevertheless be rendered capable, in time, of many places of very honourable and lucrative employment.

Mr Meekly alone, though so gentle and complying at other times, now presumed to dissent from the sense of the company. I rather hold, said he, that

his infant is the promise of the greatest philosopher and hero that our age is likely to produce. By refusing his respect to those superficial distinctions, which fashion has inadequately substituted as expressions of human greatness, he approves himself the philosopher; and by the quickness of his feelings for injured innocence, and his boldness in defending those to whom his heart is attached, he approves himself at once the hero and the man.

Harry had now remained six months more with his nurse, engaged in his customary exercises and occupations. He was already, by his courage, his strength, and action, become tremendous to all the little boys of the village; they had all things to fear from his sudden resentment, but nothing from his memory or recollection of a wrong; and this also was imputed to his native stupidity. The two mongrel dogs were his inseparable playfellows; they were all tied together in the strictest bonds of friendship, and caressed each other with the most warm and unfeigned affection.

On a summer's day, as he strolled forth with these his faithful attendants, and rambled into a park whose gate he saw open, he perceived, in a little copse that bordered on a fish-pond, a stranger seated

on a bench of turf. Harry drew near with his usual intrepidity, till he observed that the man had a reverend beard that spread over his breast, that he held something in his hand on which he gazed with a fixed attention, and that the tears rolled down his cheeks, without ceasing, and in silence, except the half-suppressed sobs that often broke from his bosom. Harry stood a while immoveable, his little heart was affected; he approached the old man with a gentle reverence, and looking up in his face, and seating himself by his side, the muscles of his infant-aspect began to relax, and he wept and sobbed as fast as his companion.

FRIEND.—Pray, who is this antient stranger? I have a great curiosity to know. Is he necessary to your story? is he to have any future connection with the child? how came he by the long beard? beards were not the fashion in those days. There must be some extraordinary reason for it, if there is any reason at all. Is his story long? do you begin upon it directly? It is a great fault in authors, to hold their readers in suspense; our curiosity grows languid; twenty to one it is vanished before you begin to give it any kind of fa-

satisfaction. Who in the world is he? what business has he here?

AUTHOR.—Sir, you see he is a stranger; I have mentioned him as such. If he chuses to continue so, for some time longer, I know of no right that I have to discover him. Perhaps I am the only person breathing, whom he has intrusted with the secret of his affairs; I am upon honour not to betray him; you must pardon me—pray proceed,

CHAP. II.

THE old gentleman turned and gazed at the child, as on some sudden apparition. His tears stopped. He returned the picture, which he held, into his bosom: And, lifting up his eyes, Great Power! he cried, is this the one, of all the world, who has any feelings for me? Is it this babe, this suckling, whom thou hast sent, to be a partaker in my griefs, and the sharer of my afflictions? Welcome, then, my little friend, said he, tenderly turning and caressing the child; I will live the longer for thy sake, and endeavour to repay the tears thou hast shed in my behalf.

The language of true love is understood by all creatures, and was that of which Harry had, almost, the only perception. He returned his friend's caresses with unaffected ardour, and no two could be more highly gratified in the endearments of each other.

What is your name, my dear? said the old gentleman. Harry Clinton, Sir. Harry Clinton! repeated the old man, and started. And pray who is your father? The child, then looking tenderly at him, replied, I'll have you for a father, if you please, Sir. The stranger then caught him up in his arms, and passionately exclaimed, You shall, you shall, my darling, for the tenderest of fathers, never to be torn asunder, till death shall part us.

Then asking him where he lived, and Harry pointing to the town before them, they both got up and went towards it. Our hero was now again all glee, all action; he sprung from and to his friend, and played and gambled about him, like a young spaniel in a morning, just loosed from his chain, and admitted to accompany his master to the field. As his two dogs frisked about him, he would now mount upon one, then bound upon t'other, and each pranced and paraded under him as delighted with the burden. The old

gentleman beheld all with a pleasure that had long been a stranger to his breast, and shared in the joys of his young associate.

Being arrived near the farm-house, nurse, who stood at the door, saw them approaching, and cried out, Gaffer, Gaffer, here comes our Harry with the dumb gentleman. When they were come up, Good people, says the stranger, is this your child? No, no, Sir, answered the nurse, we are but his fosterers. And, pray, who is his father? He is second son, Sir, to the Earl of Moreland. The Earl of Moreland! you amaze me greatly; is this all the notice and care they take of such a treasure? Sir, replied the nurse, they never sent for him but once; they don't mind him, they take him for a fool. For a fool! cried he, and shook his head in a token of dissent; I am sure he has the wisest of all human hearts. I wish it may be so, Sir, said the nurse; but he behaved very sadly, some time ago, at the great house. She then made a recital of all our young hero's adventures in the mansion-parlour; whereat the old gentleman inwardly chuckled, and, for the first time, of some years, permitted his features to relax into a smile of cheerfulness.

Nurse, said he, every thing that I hear and see of this child serves the more to endear and bind me to him. Pray, be so good as to accompany us to my house; we will try to equip him better, both as to person and understanding.

As this stranger's seat made part of the village, they were soon there. He first whispered his old domestic, who then looked upon the child with surprise and pleasure. The footman was next sent to bring the tailor, and some light stuffs, from the town shop. Matters being thus dispatched, with respect to our hero's first coat and breeches, nurse was kept to dinner; and after this gentleman had entertained his young guest with a variety of little tricks, childish plays, and other fooleries, toward evening he dismissed him and his nurse, with a request that she would send him every day, and a promise that he should be returned every night if she desired it.

Harry being thus furnished with the external tokens of a man-child having been born into the world, became an inseparable friend and play-fellow to his patron. At times of relaxation, the old gentleman, with the most winning and insinuating address, endeavoured to open his mind and cultivate his morals, by

a thousand little fables; such as of bold sparrows, and naughty kids, that were carried away by the hawk, or devoured by the wolf; and of good robins, and innocent lambs, that the very hawks and wolves themselves were fond of: for he never proposed any encouragement or reward to the heart of our hero, save that of the love and approbation of others. At the times of such instruction, Harry, who knew no other dependence, and beheld his patron as his father and as his God, would hang upon his knee, look up to his face delighted, and greedily imbibe the sweetness of those lessons whose impressions neither age, nor any occurrence, could ever after efface; so prevalent are the dictates of lips that are beloved!

At other times, the stranger would enter with our hero into all his little frolics and childish vagaries, would run and wrestle with him, ride the rods, roll down the slope, and never felt such sweet sensations and inward delight, as when he was engaged in such recreations.

There was a cock at Harry's nurse's, the lord of the dunghill, between whom and our hero a very particular intimacy and friendship had been contracted. Harry's hand was his daily caterer; and Dick, for the cock was so called, would hop into the

child's lap, and pick his clothes, and rub his feathers against him, and court Harry to tickle and stroak and play with him.

Upon Shrove-Tuesday, while Harry was on his road from his patron's, intending a short visit to his nurse and foster-father, a lad came to the door and offered Gaffer a double price for Dick; the bargain was quickly made, the lad bore off his prize in triumph, and Gaffer withdrew to the manuring of a back-field. Just at that crisis Harry came up, and inquired of the maid for his daddy and mammy, but was answered that neither of them was within. He then asked after his favourite cock, but was told that his daddy had, this minute, sold him to yonder man, who was almost out of sight.

Away sprung our hero, like an arrow from a bow, and held the man in view till he saw him enter a great croud, at the upper end of the street. Up he comes, at last, quite out of breath; and making way through the assembly, perceived his cock, at some distance, tied to a short stake, and a lad preparing to throw at him with a stick. Forward he rushed again, and stopped resolutely before his bird, to ward the blow with his own person, at the instant that the stick had taken its flight, and that all the people cried

out, hold! hold! One end of the stick took Harry in the left shoulder, and bruised him sorely; but not regarding that, he instantly stooped, delivered his captive favourite, whipt him under his arm, caught up the stick, flourished it as in defiance of all opponents, made homeward thro' the croud, and was followed by the acclamations of the whole assembly.

The old gentleman was standing before his court-door when his favourite arrived all in a sweat: What's the matter, my dear, says he, what made you put yourself into such a heat? what cock is that you have under your arm? In answer to these several questions, Harry ingenuously confessed the whole affair; and when his patron with some warmth cried, Why, my love, did you venture your life for a silly cock? Why did I? repeated the child, why Sir, because he loved me. The stranger then stepping back, and gazing upon him with eyes of tender admiration, May heaven for ever bless thee, my little angel, he exclaimed, and continue to utter from thy lips the sentiments that it inspires! Then, catching him up in his arms, he bathed him with his tears, and almost stifled him with his caresses

In a few days our hero was again re-

stored by frequent fomentations to the use of his arm; and his dada, as he called him, and he, returned to their old recreations.

As Harry's ideas began to open and expand, he grew ambitious of greater power and knowledge. He wished for the strength of that bull, and for the swiftness of yonder horse: and, on the close of a solemn and serene summer's evening, while he and his patron walked in the garden, he wished for wings, that he might fly up and see what the sky, and the stars, and the rising moon were made of.

In order to reform this inordinancy of his desires, his patron addressed him in the following manner:

I will tell you a story, my Harry. On the other side of yonder hill there runs a mighty clear river; and in that river, on a time, there lived three silver trouts, the prettiest little fishes that any one ever saw. Now God took a great liking and love to these pretty silver trouts, and he let them want for nothing that such little fishes could have occasion for. But two of them grew sad and discontented; and the one wished for this thing, and the other wished for that thing, and neither of them could take pleasure in any thing that they had,

because they were always longing for something that they had not.

Now Harry, you must know that all this was very naughty in those two little trouts; for God had been exceedingly kind to them; he had given them every thing that was fittest for them; and he never grudged them any thing that was for their good: but, instead of thanking him for all his care and his kindness, they blamed him in their own minds for refusing them any thing that their silly fancies were set upon. In short, there was no end of their wishing, and longing, and quarrelling in their hearts, for this thing and t'other.

At last, God was so provoked, that he resolved to punish their naughtiness, by granting their desires, and to make the folly of those two little stubborn trouts an example to all the foolish fish in the whole world.

For this purpose, he called out to the three little silver trouts, and told them they should have whatever they wished for.

Now the eldest of these trouts was a very proud little fish, and wanted, forsooth, to be set up above all other little fishes. May it please your Greatness, says he, I must be free to tell you, that I do not, at all, like the way in which you

have placed me. Here you have put me into a poor, narrow, and troublesome river, where I am straitened on the right side, and straitened on the left side, and can neither get down into the ground, nor up into the air, nor go where, nor do any one thing I have a mind to. I am not so blind, for all, but that I can see well enough, how mighty kind and bountiful you can be to others. There are your favourite little birds, who fly this way and that way, and mount up to the very heavens, and do whatever they please, and have every thing at command, because you have given them wings. Give me such wings also as you have given to them, and then I shall have something for which I ought to thank you.

No sooner ask than have. He felt the wings he wished for growing from either side, and, in a minute, he spread them abroad, and rose out of the water. At first he felt a wonderful pleasure in finding himself able to fly. He mounted high into the air, above the very clouds, and he looked down with scorn on all the fishes in the world.

He now resolved to travel, and to take his diversion far and wide. He flew over rivers and meadows, woods and mountains; till, growing faint with hunger

and thirst, his wings began to fail him, and he thought it best to come down to get some refreshment.

The little fool did not consider, that he was now in a strange country, and many a mile from the sweet river where he was born and bred, and had received all his nourishment. So, when he came down, he happened to alight among dry sands and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat, nor a drop of water to drink; and so there he lay, faint and tired, and unable to rise, gasping and fluttering, and beating himself against the stones, till at length he died in great pain and misery.

Now the second silver trout, though he was not so high-minded as the first little proud trout, yet he did not want for conceit enough; and he was moreover a narrow-hearted and very selfish little trout, and provided he himself was snug and safe, he did not care what became of all the fishes in the world. So he says to God:

May it please your Honour, I don't wish, not I, for wings to fly out of the water, and to ramble into strange places, where I don't know what may become of me. I lived contented and happy enough all the other day, when, as I got under a

cool bank from the heat of the sun, I saw a great rope coming down into the water, and it fastened itself I don't know how, about the gills of a little fish that was basking beside me, and he was lifted out of the water, struggling and working in great pain, till he was carried, I know not where, quite out of my sight : so I thought in my own mind, that this evil, some time or other, may happen to myself, and my heart trembled within me, and I have been very sad and discontented ever since. Now all I desire of you is that you would tell me the meaning of this, and of all the other dangers to which you have subjected us poor little mortal fishes ; for then I shall have sense enough to take care of my own safety, and I am very well able to provide for my own living, I warrant you.

No sooner said than done. God immediately opened his understanding; and he knew the nature and meaning of snares, nets, hooks, and lines, and of all the dangers to which such little trouts could be liable.

At first, he greatly rejoiced in this knowledge; and he said to himself, No surely I shall be the happiest of all fishes for, as I understand, and am forewarned of every mischief that can come near me

I'm sure I love myself too well not to keep out of harm's way.

From this time forward he took care not to go into any deep holes, for fear that a pike, or some other huge fish, might be there, who would make nothing of swallowing him up at one gulp. He also kept away from the shallow places, especially in hot weather, lest the sun should dry them up, and not leave him water enough to swim in. When he saw the shadow of a cloud coming and moving upon the river, Aha! said he to himself, here are the fishermen with their nets, and immediately he got on one side and skulked under the banks, where he kept trembling in his skin till the cloud was past. Again, when he saw a fly skimming on the water, or a worm coming down the stream, he did not dare to bite, however hungry he might be. No, no, said he to them, my honest friends, I am not such a fool as that comes to neither: go your ways, and tempt those who know no better, who are not aware that you may serve as baits to some treacherous hook, that lies hid for the destruction of those ignorant and silly trouts that are not on their guard.

Thus this over-careful trout kept himself in continual frights and alarms, and

could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep in peace, lest some mischief should be at hand, or that he might be taken napping. He daily grew poorer and poorer, and sadder and sadder, for he pined away with hunger, and fighed himself to skin and bone ; till, wasted almost to nothing with care and melancholy, he at last died, for fear of dying, the most miserable of all deaths.

Now when God came to the youngest silver trout, and asked him what he wished for ; Alas ! said this darling little trout, you know, may it please your Worship, that I am but a very foolish and good for nothing little fish ; and I don't know, not I, what is good for me or what is bad for me, and I wonder how I came to be worth bringing into the world, or what you could see in me to take any thought about me. But, if I must wish for something, it is that you would do with me whatsoever you think best ; and that I should be pleased to live or die, even just as you would have me.

Now, as soon as this precious trout made this prayer in his good and his humble little heart, God took such a liking and a love to him, as the like was never know. And God found it in his own heart, that he could not but take great

care of this sweet little trout, who had trusted himself so wholly to his love and good pleasure; and God went whereſoever he went, and was always with him, and about him; and was to him as a father, and friend, and companion: and he put contentment into his mind, and joy into his heart; and ſo this little trout ſlept always in peace, and wakened in gladneſs; and whether he was full or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was ſtill pleaſed and thankful; and he was the happieſt of all fiſhes that ever ſwam in any water.

Harry, at the cloſe of this fable, looked down and grew thoughtful, and his patron left him to himſelf to ruminate on what he had heard. Now Harry had often heard talk of God, and had ſome general though confuſed notions of his power.

The next day he requeſted his patron to repeat the ſtory of the three little ſilver trouts. When he had ended, Dada, ſays Harry, I believe I begin to gueſs a little at what you mean. You would not have me wiſh for any thing, but leave every thing to God; and, if I thought that God loved me half as well as you love me, I would leave every thing to himſelf, like the good little trout. He does,

my Harry; he loves you a thousand times better than I love you, nay a thousand times better than you love yourself. God is all love; it is he who made every thing, and he loves every thing that he has made. Ay, but Dada, I can't, for the heart of me, help pitying the two poor little naughty trouts. If God loves every thing, why did he make any thing to die? You begin to think too deeply, Harry; we will speak more of these matters another time. For the present, let it suffice to know, that as he can kill, he can also make alive again, at his own pleasure.

Harry had now remained about twelve months with his patron, when it was intimated to the earl and his lady, that the dumb man had taken a fancy to their child, and that he was almost constantly resident at his house. Alarmed at this news, and apprehending that this man might be some impostor or kidnapper, they once more sent orders to the nurse to bring the boy home.

Nurse ran in a hurry to the stranger's, and having informed him of the necessity she was under to take away the child, many mutual tears were shed at parting; but Harry was the sooner pacified when nurse told him that it was but for a short visit as before.

When they came to the castle, there was no company in the parlour but the earl and his lady, with Lord Richard and some other masters of quality, about his age and size. Harry, however, looked about with a brow of disgust; and when my lady desired him to come and kiss her, May be you'll whip me, he answered sullenly: No, she replied, if you don't strike your brother Dicky any more. I won't beat him, says Harry, if he won't beat mammy. Come then and kiss me, my dear, said my lady; whereupon Harry advanced with a slow caution, and held up his little mouth to receive her salute. He was then kissed by his father, his brother, and the little masters, and all things promised future reconciliation and amity.

A number of glittering toys were then presented to Harry on all sides; he received them, indeed, in good part, but laid them all aside again, as things of whose use he yet was not wise enough to be apprehensive.

FRIEND. Is it not too early for your hero to shew a contempt of toys?

AUTHOR. My lady, as you will see, imputed it to his folly, not to his philosophy.

FR. But children have a natural fondness of fine things.

AUT. How so? is there a natural value in them;

FR. No, But——

AUT. Education, indeed has made the fondness next to natural: the coral and bells teach infants on the breast to be delighted with sound and glitter. Has the child of an inhabitant of Monomotapa a natural fondness for garbage?

FR. I think not.

AUT. But when he is instructed to prize them, and sees it to be the fashion to be adorned with such things, he prefers them to the glister of gold and pearl. Tell me, was it the folly, or philosophy, of the cock in the fable, that spurned the diamond and wished for the barley-corn?

FR. The moral says it was his folly, that did not know how to make a right estimate of things.

AUT. A wiser moral would say, it was his philosophy, that did know how to make a right estimate of things; for, of what use could the diamond be to the cock? In the age of acorns, antecedent to Ceres and the royal ploughman Triptolemus, a single barley-corn had been of more value to mankind than all the diamonds that glowed in the mines of India.

FR. You see, however, that age, reflection, and philosophy, can hardly wane people from their early fondness for show.

AUT. I see, on the contrary, that the older they grow, and the wiser they think themselves, the more they become attached to trifles. What would you think of a sage minister of state, who should make it the utmost height of his wishes and ambition to be mounted on a hobby horse?

FR. You can't be serious, for the soul of you.

AUT. It has been seriously, and truly, and literally the fact: for Haman being asked, by the greatest monarch upon earth, what should be done most desirable for the man whom the king delighted to honour? he answered, (in the persuasion that he himself was the person,) 'Let the royal apparel be brought, and let him be arrayed therewith, and let him be put upon the horse that the king useth to ride, and let him be brought through the street, and have it proclaimed before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour.' What shall we say here? Could the sage and ambitious Haman think of nothing better than what would have suited the request of a child of five years old? Or was it that the emperor of Asia, or this

world itself, had nothing more valuable to bestow, than a fine coat and a hobby-horse?

FR. How many volumes do you expect this work will contain?

AUT. Sir, a book may be compared to the life of your neighbour. If it be good, it cannot last too long; if bad, you cannot get rid of it too early.

FR. But how long, I say, do you propose to make your story.

AUT. My good friend, the reader may make it as short as he pleases.

C H A P. III.

MY lady, piqued thereat, told the earl, that she resolved once more to prove the wits of the youngster in breeches; and whispering to Dicky, he immediately went out and took with him his companions. Soon after, Dick returns without his shoes, and with a pitiful face, cries, Brother Harry, I want a pair of shoes sadly, will you give me yours? Yes, I will, said Harry, and instantly strips and presents them to him. Then entered another boy, and demanded his stockings, in the like petitioning man-

ner; another begged his hat, another his coat, another his waistcoat, all of which he bestowed without hesitation; but, when the last boy came in and petitioned for his shirt, No, I wont, said Harry, a little moody, I want a shirt myself. My lady then exclaimed, Upon my conscience, there is but the thickness of a bit of linen between this child and a downright fool. But my lord rose up, took Harry in his arms, and having tenderly embraced him, God bless thee, my boy, he cried, and make thee an honour to Old England!

Dinner, soon after, was ordered up, and Harry permitted his nurse to retire peaceably to the kitchen during the interval, as he and all the masters were then on terms of amity.

My lady placed Harry next herself at table, but no peer ever paid such a price at Pontac's as our distressed hero did that day for his ordinary; for he must sit up just so, and hold his knife and fork just so; and cut his meat, and open his mouth, and swallow his victuals, just so, and so, and so. And then, between every two words, there was to be so many my lords and my ladies, and, I thank you Sir, and I thank you Madam, and Master this, and Master that, that poor Harry, no longer able to

contain himself, cried, I wish I was with my mammy in the kitchen.

After dinner the children were set to questions and commands; but here our hero was beaten hollow, as he was afterwards at draw-glove and shuffle the slipper. They next came to hot-cockles, and Harry, being first down, and his left hand well warmed for near a quarter of an hour, till, more by good luck than any good policy, he fixed upon a delicate little gentleman, the son and heir of lord and lady Toilet, who lay down accordingly; when Harry, endeavouring to sum all the favours he had received in one payment, gave master such a whirrick, that his cries instantly sounded the *ne plus ultra* to such kind of diversions. But Harry, being chidden for his rudeness, and obliged to ask pardon, all was soon whole again.

Now throughout these several amusements, though this group of little quality behaved themselves with great good manners towards our hero, yet, as my lady's judgment of his intellects became current through the country, and that all took him to be little removed from a natural, these small gentry also held him in the lowest contempt, and gave themselves secret credit for the decency of their conduct in his behalf.

Two or three of them, however, having maliciously contrived to set him in a ridiculous light, prevailed upon his brother to join in the plot. They accordingly proposed a play, wherein Harry was enjoined to stand in the center for so many minutes, without motion or resentment, let his companions do what they would about him.

Our hero, consequently, fixed himself to a posture and countenance altogether determined, when the attack instantly began; some grinned, some pointed, some jeered and flouted at him, some twitched him by the hair, some pinched him by the breech, one tweaked him by the nose, and another squirted water full in his face; but Harry bore all with the firmness and resignation of a stoic philosopher; till my lady, quite impatient, cried out, Did you ever see the like? such a stock of a child, such a statue! why he has no kind of feeling, either of body or mind.

While she was pronouncing these words, young Skinker, eldest son to a wealthy squire, a chubbed unlucky boy, about the age of Lord Richard, put one hand within the other, and desired Harry to strike thereon, which he did accordingly; but, feeling unusual smart, and fired at the treachery that he justly conceived was in the case, Harry gave him such a sudden

sist in the temple as drove him staggering backward several steps. Skinker, wholly enraged, and conscious of superior strength, immediately returned, and with all his might gave Harry a stroke on the head, which compliment he returned by a punch in the eye as rapid as lightning. All the boys stood aloof and amazed at the combat. My lady vehemently cried out to part them ; but my lord rose, and peremptorily commanded fair play. Meanwhile, young Skinker, wholly desperate to be foiled by one so much his inferior in strength and understanding, flew on Harry like a fury, and fastened the nails of both his hands in his face, from which gripe our hero as quickly disengaged himself, by darting his head into the nose and mouth of his adversary, who was instantly covered with blood, though his passion would not permit him to attend to the pain ; for, exerting his last effort, he closed on our little champion, and determined, at once, to finish the combat, by lifting and dashing him against the ground ; but Harry, finding himself going, nimbly put one foot behind, and hit Skinker in the ham, and at the same time pushing forward with all his force, prone fell the unfortunate Skinker, precipitated by the double weight of himself and his an-

tagonist, and his head rebounded against the floor, while up sprung Harry, and, with a punch in the stomach of Skinker, put a period to the fray.

All dismayed, and wholly discomfited, Skinker slowly arose, and began to cry most piteously. His companions then gathered about him, and, compassionating his plight, turned an eye of indignation upon the victor; all promiscuously exclaimed, O fie, master Harry, I am quite ashamed; master Harry, you gave the first blow; it was you that gave the first blow, master Harry; to all which reproaches, Harry furlily replied, If I gave first blow he gave first hurt.

Come, come, said my Lord, there must be something more in this affair than we are yet acquainted with. Come hither master Skinker, tell me the truth, my dear; what was it you did to Harry that provoked him to strike you? Indeed, Sir, said Skinker, I did not intend to hurt him so much. When I gave him one hand to strike, I held a pin within side in the other, but the pin run up farther than I thought for. Go, go, said my Lord, you deserve what you have got. You are an ill-hearted boy, and shall not come here to play any more!

My lady then called Harry, desired to look at his hand, and found the palm covered with blood. This she washed away, and, having found the wound, she put a small bit of black sticking silk to the orifice, and Harry instantly held himself as found a man as ever.

It was then, that instead of exulting or crowing over his adversary, he began to relax into melancholy and dejection, and sideling over toward Skinker, and looking wistfully in his face, If, said Harry, with a trembling lip, if you will kiss and be friends with me, I'll never beat you any more. To this overture Skinker was, with a silly reluctance, persuaded by his companions; and from that moment the victor began to gain ground in the heart and good graces both of father and mother.

Night now approached, the candles were lighted up, and the children took a short and slight repast. Master Dicky then privately whispering to his mamma, desired her not to be frightened at what she might see, and immediately withdrew. In a short time he returned, and gathering all his little companions into a group, in the center of the parlour, held them a while in chat; when, O tremendous! a back-door flew open, and in glided a

most terrifying and horrible apparition; the body and limbs, from the neck downwards, were all wrapt in a winding-sheet; and the head, tho' fear could not attend to its form, appeared wholly illuminated with flames, that glared tho' the eyes, mouth, and nostrils.

At sight hereof, master Dicky, appearing the first to be frightened, screamed out, and ran behind his mamma's chair, as it were for protection; the panic grew instantly contagious, and all this host of little gentry, who were thereafter to form our senates, and to lead our armies, ran, shrieking and shivering, to hide themselves in holes, and to tremble in corners.

Our hero, alone, stood undaunted, tho' concerned; and, like an astronomer, who with equal dread and attention contemplates some sudden phenomenon in the heavens, which he apprehends to be sent as an ensign or forerunner to the fall of mighty states, or dispeopling of nations, so Harry, with bent and apprehensive brows, beheld and considered the approaching spectre.

He had never heard nor formed any idea of ghosts or hobgoblins, he therefore stood to deliberate what he had to fear from it. It still advanced upon him, nor had he yet budged; when his brother

cried out, from behind my lady's chair, Beat it, Harry, beat it. On the instant, Harry flew back to the corner next the hall, and catching up his staff, the trophy of Shrove-Tuesday, he returned upon the spectre, and aiming a noble blow at the illuminated sconce, he, at once, smashed the outward lanthorn, drove the candle, flame and all, into the mouth of him who held it; and opened his upper lip from the nose to the teeth. Out spouted the blood as from a spiggot. The ghost clapped all the hands that he had to his mouth, and slunk away, to shew to his friends in the kitchen, how he had been baffled and mauled by an infant of seven summers.

Heaven preserve us! cried my lady, we shall have nothing but broils and bloodshed in the house while this child is among us. Indeed, my dear, replied the Earl, if there was any thing more than mere accident in this business, it was the fault of your favourite Dicky, who desired the boy to strike.

¹ By this time, the little gentry came all from their lurking holes, though yet pale and unassured; and, whatever contempt they might have for the intellect of Harry, they had now a very sincere veneration for his prowess.

Bed-time now approaching, and all being again settled, Harry, says my Lord, you have been a very good boy to-day, and have joined with your companions in all their little plays: Now, if you have any plays to shew them, I am sure they will have the good manners to do as you desire. What say you, Harry? have you any play to shew them? Yes, Sir, said Harry, I have many of them; there's first, leap-frog, and thrush-a-thrush. To it, then, Harry, says my Lord; and pray, all you little gentlemen, do you observe his directions.

No sooner said than done. Harry took his companions, one by one, and causing them to stoop, with their heads toward the ground in a long line, and at certain distances each before the other, he returned to the tail, and taking the advantage of a short run to quicken his motion, he laid his hands on the rump of the hindmost, and vaulting lightly over him, he, with amazing rapidity, flew along the whole line, clearing a man at every motion, till he alighted before the foremost, and down he popt in the posture of those behind.

My lady, in utter astonishment, lifting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed, O the fine creature? O the graceful creature! if

there was but a mind to match that body, there would not be such another boy in the universe.

Lord Richard, being now hindmost, was the next who adventured, and, with action enough, cleared his two first men; but then having lost the advantage of his run, and his foreman being of more than ordinary size, he first stuck upon his rump, and, pitching thence, broke his forehead against the floor. He got up however with a pleasant countenance, and running along-side the line, set himself in his former posture before his brother. The hindmost then, and then the next, and the next, and so onward, took their turns in succession, without any better success. The one bruised his shoulder, another sprained his finger, another bumped his head, another broke his nose, &c. &c. So that, in less than five minutes, my lady had got an hospital of her own, though not altogether consisting of incurables.

Now, spirits and vinegar, brown paper, black plaister, &c. were called for in a hurry; and, the several stupes and dressings being skilfully applied, the children were ordered to their respective beds, and nurse was prevailed upon to continue with Harry, till he should be reconciled to his new friends and associates.

Harry was now become a favourite, especially among the servants, who, in a manner, adored him, since the adventure of the box and the hobgoblin.



FRIEND. Hobgoblin! in good time. —Nothing amazes me so much as the terrifying apprehensions that the world, from the beginning, has universally entertained of ghosts and spectres.

AUTHOR. Do you fear them?

FR. No—I can't say—not much—something of this formerly. I should not like, even now, to lye alone, in a remote chamber of a ruinous castle said to be haunted, and have my curtains, at midnight, opened suddenly upon me by a death's head and bloody-bones. All nonsense, I know it; the early prejudices of a dastardly fancy—I fear, while I am convinced there is nothing to be feared.—Do you think there is any such thing in nature as a spirit?

AUT. I know not that there is any such thing in nature as matter.

FR. Not know there is any such thing as matter!—You love to puzzle—to throw lets into the road of common sense.—What else do you know? From what else can you form any kind of idea?

AUT. The room is warm enough, more heat is needless.—I know that thoughts and conceptions are raised in my mind; but, how they are raised, or that they are adequate images of things supposed to be represented, I know not. What if this something, or this nothing, called matter, should be a shadow, a vacuum, in respect of spirit, wholly resistless to it and pervadeable by it? Or what if it be no other than a various manifestation of the several good and evil qualities of spirit? If one infinite spirit, as is said, fills the universe, all other existence must be but as the space wherein he essentially abides and exists; indeed, they could not be produced, or continued for a moment but by his existing omnipotently, indivisibly, entirely, in and throughout every part.

FR. This is new, very new—but I will not batter my brains against your castle.—According to your thesis, when a man apprehensive of a spirit or spectre, is not of shadow but of substance that he is afraid.

AUT. Certainly; his principal apprehension arises from his believing it more sufficient, more powerful, and more formidable, than himself.

FR. Excuse me, there are more tremendous reasons. On the supposition of an engagement, those sort of invisible gentry have many advantages over us. They give a man no manner of fair play. They have you here, and have you there, and your best watch and ward is no better than fencing against an invisible flail.— But, seriously, do you think we have any innate fears of these matters?

AUT. All our fears arise from the sense of our own weakness, and of the power and inclination that others may have to hurt us.

FR. If our horror of apparitions is not innate, how comes it to pass, that soldiers, that general officers, who dare all other danger; that heroes, who, like Brutus, have given death to themselves, or who have been led to execution without a changing cheek, have yet dreaded to be alone, or to be left in the dark?

AUT. We all see that a spirit has vast power. Nothing else in truth can have any power at all. We perceive, by ourselves and others, with what ease it can rest upon what we call matter; how it moves, how it lifts it. Perhaps, were our spirits detached from this distempered prison, to which the degeneracy of our fallen nature has confined them, they

might more easily whirl a mountain thro' the atmosphere, than they can now cast a pebble into the air. The consideration of this power, when joined to malevolence, as is generally the case, becomes very tremendous. The stories told by nurses and gossips about a winter's fire, when the young auditors crouch closer and closer together, and dare not look about for fear of what may be behind them, leave impressions that no subsequent reason or religion can efface. The ideas of an apparition, on these occasions, are connected with all the horror of which infant imaginations can be susceptible; fangs, horns, a threatening mien, saucer eyes, a flaming breath, and a deadly aspect. When children are told of fairies, who carry off people to dwell with them under ground; and of evil spirits, who snatch away soul and body together, to be their associates in regions of darkness and woe; the fear of such evils greatly surpasses those of death, as it weeds misery to existence beyond the grave.—On the contrary side, had spirits been originally represented to infants as beings of an amiable appearance, and as guardians benevolent and beneficent to man; had they further deigned to visit us under such representations, and had we experienced

the advantage of their instructions and good offices, we should have met them with transport, and have parted with regret.

FR. I observe that, as our female antiquarians drop off, our faith in spectres perceptibly decays. We have not the sixtieth story either propagated or believed, that was credited as gospel when I was a boy. What think you; is it for, or against religion, that such fables should get footing among mankind?

AUT. I never could think it for the interest of religion, that the providence of God should be elbowed, as it were, quite out of the world by a system of demonism. On the other hand, I take the Devil to be a personage of much more prudence, than to frighten his favourites from him, by assuming such horrid and disgusting appearances. He rather chuses to lurk behind temptation, in the allurements of beauty, the deceptfulness of smiles, the glozing of compliments, in revel and banqueting, in titles and honours, in the glitter of ornament, and in the pomp of office. When God sends his spirits on messages to man, there is a meaning of importance in the errand. Such was that of his angel to Manoah, for the delivery of a people; and to Zacharias and the

blest virgin, for the redemption of human kind. But, when the devil is said to send his emissaries throughout the earth, on what errands does this arch politician employ them? Even such as could suit no other than a dunce or a driveller. I never yet heard of one of these missions that could be construed to any intention of cunning or common sense. I therefore hold the legends of his ghostly visitation to be altogether apocryphal.

FR. Every man of common sense must be of the same opinion. And yet, have you known any person wholly free from such prejudices, who made no distinction, on this fantastical article, between darkness and mid-day, between a lonely chapel-house and a full assembly?

AUT. I have; but they were men of exceeding strong nerves; as also of exceeding clear or exceeding callous consciences, which, coming from opposite points, equally met for the same purpose on this occasion.

Two travellers, the one a man of piety, the other a profligate, met at a country-inn just as night came upon them. It was Halontide-Eve, the season, in those days, wherein the devils were said to keep high carnival, and when all the inhabitants of the visionary regions were supposed to

revel and range throughout the earth at pleasure.

For want of better company our travellers made up an acquaintance, and further cemented it by a jagg of good liquor. The night was dark. The girls of the house had new washed their smocks, to be hung to the fire, and turned by the ghostly resemblances of their sweethearts; and the conversation, in the kitchen, ran on many an authentic narrative of spectres, and particularly on the man in gibbets who hung by the road, and who was reported, between twelve and one at midnight, to descend from the gallows, and take just three turns about the old barn.

Do you believe any of this droll stuff, said the profligate? I know not what to think, answered his pious companion; I find all the world in the same story, and yet, as the saying is, I never saw any thing more frightful than myself. As for my share, said the profligate, I think I should not fear the great devil himself; and indeed I should be glad to have a little chat with the old gentleman. Stout as you are, rejoined his companion, I will lay you a bet of five crowns that you dare not warm a porringer of broth, and go, and offer it without there, to the man in gibbets. I will depend on your honour

for performance of articles. 'Tis done cried the other. The betts were produced, and respectively deposited in the hands of my landlady.

Our pious traveller, who now began to be alarmed for his wager, stole slyly out, while his companion was busied in heating the broth. He made up to the place where the deceased malefactor was taking the fresh air. The gallows was low, and, by the advantage of a bank behind and his own agility, he leaped up, and fastened his arms about the shoulders of the corpse, so that they both appeared but as one body.

He had just fixed himself to his mind, when up comes his companion with the porringer and a stool. He directly mounted the stool, and, reaching up a spoonful of broth to the mouth of the dead, with a firm and bold voice he cried, Sup, man! why don't you sup?

Scarce had these words been uttered, when, fearful to hear! with a tone deep as bell, and dismal as the grave, the man in gibbets replied—It i—s too ho—t! And damn you why don't you blow it then? rejoined the other.

FR. My nerves will not admit of this for fast. The tale indeed is good, though such an instance of intrepidity in any mo-

tal may be disputable. But, shall we never return to our story again?

AUT. It matters not how far we travel from it, since the magic of a wish can bring us back in a twinkling.

C H A P. IV.

RUFFLED linen, laced hat, silk stockings, &c. had now been ordered for Harry, with a new suit of cloathes, trimmed like those of your beau-insects, vulgarly called butterflies. They were tried on, in the presence of his parents, and highly approved by all, except Harry himself, who seemed, by his fidgetings, to be somewhat disgusted at this new kind of incumbrance. Harry, says my lord, puts me in mind of the son of Jesse in the armour of Saul, he has not yet proved them. Well, Harry, how do you like yourself? I don't know, not I, says Harry. But, papa, can you tell me what these things are for? In truth, Harry, you pose me. Won't people love me better, Sir? Not a whit indeed, Harry, replied my lord. Lord help that little fool's head of thine, interposed my lady! if people won't love thee, they'll respect thee

the more. Fool's head! repeated my lord, upon my soul the child has more sense than half our nobility.

Harry had been now near a month with his parents, and, as his nurse had not yet parted, he was tolerably amenable to quality government. However, he pined in the absence of his dada, as he called him, and daily importuned my lord and lady to be permitted to go and see him: for, as Harry's heart told him that his bearded dada loved him better than all the world, so Harry loved him better than three worlds; for he was ever desirous of going three times as far, in affection and good office, as any one went for him.

At length he obtained consent, and was conducted, by his nurse, in all his finery, on a visit to his dear dada.

Their meeting was accompanied by tears of joy on both sides; when the old gentleman, struck with concern at the garb in which he saw his darling, cried out, And who, my dear, put this fool's coat upon my child? Fool's coat, Sir! says Harry. Yes, my love, it is worse than all that; they were very naughty doctors who have endeavoured to poison my boy. There is not a bit of all this lace and

ruffling, that is not full of rank poisons. I will tell you a story, my Harry.

There was once upon a time, a very good and a very clever boy, called Hercules. As he grew up, besides his prayers and his book, he was taught to run, and leap; to ride, wrestle, and cudgel; and though he was able to beat all the boys in the parish, he never used to hurt or quarrel with any of them. He did not matter cold, nor hunger, nor what he eat, nor what he drank; nor how, nor where he lay; and he went always dressed in the skin of a wild beast, that could bear all winds and weathers, and that he could put on or off at pleasure; for he knew that his dress was no part of himself, and could neither add to him nor take away any thing from him.

When this brave boy came to man's estate, he went about the world, doing good in all places; helping the weak, and feeding the hungry; and clothing the naked, and comforting those that cried, and beating all those that did hurt or wrong to others; and all good people loved him with their whole heart, and all naughty people feared him terribly.

But, O sad and dismal! a lady, whom he had saved from great hurt and shame, made him a present of a new coat, which

was called a shirt in those days, as they wore it next the skin. And now, my Harry, take notice. The lady had covered his coat all over, with laces, and with rufflings, and with beads of glass, and such other fooleries; so that poor Hercules looked just as fine as you do now. And he turned him to this side, and he turned him to that side, and he began to think more and better of himself, because he had got this fool's coat upon him. And the poison of it entered into his body and into his mind, and brought weakness and distempers upon the one and the other. And he grew so fond of it that he could not bear to have it put off; for he thought that to part with it, would be to part with his flesh from his bones. Neither would he venture out in the rain any more; nor box nor wrestle with any body, for fear of spoiling his fine coat. So that in time he lost the love and the praises of every body; and all people scorned him, and pointed at him for a fool and coxcomb, as he went by.

For some time, after the old gentleman had finished his story, the child continued to gaze up at him, with fixed eyes and open mouth, as fearful of losing any syllable that he might utter; till, recol

lecting himself, he cried out, O this is a very sad case, indeed; I wish my coat was burnt, so I do; but don't fear for me, dada. Why, how then Harry? replied his patron. Why, I may find a trick for all this, dada; I warrant you never see me in this ugly coat again.

After this, and some other instructions and mutual endearments, nurse pressed to be gone; and these two fond friends were compelled to sunder, with a promise, on Harry's part, of a speedy return.

For some time after his arrival at the mansion-house, Harry appeared thoughtful, and greatly dejected, which they ascribed to his parting with his old friend; but Harry had schemes in his head that they were little able to fathom or guess at. Having peeped about for some time, he found a knife, in a window, which he instantly seized upon, and then stole up, with all possible privacy, to his apartment.

There he stript himself in a hurry, and, falling as quickly to work, began to cut and rip and rend away the lacings of his suit, without sparing cloth or seam. While he was thus in the heat and very middle of his business, he heard himself repeatedly called on the stairs, and hurrying on his cloaths to obey the summons, he

ran down to the parlour, with half the trimmings hanging in frittlers and tattars about him.

The droll and very extraordinary figure that he cut, struck all the company into utter amazement. Having gazed on him, for some time, in a kind of silent stupor, Why Harry, cries my lady, what's all this for? Who abused you, my child? who put you in this pickle? Come hither and tell me, who spoiled your cloaths? I did, madam. You did, firrah, cried my lady, giving him a shake, and how dare you spoil them? Why, because they wanted to spoil me, said Harry. And who told you they would spoil you, firrah? I won't tell, said Harry. I'll lay a wager, cried my lady, it was that old rogue with the beard; but I'll have him whipt for a fool and a knave out of the parish. Pray, my dear, be patient a little, said his Lordship. Come here, Harry, and tell me the truth stoutly, and no harm shall happen to you or your dada with the beard. Come, speak, what fault did he find with your cloaths? Why, Sir, he said, as how they would poison me. Poison you, my dear, pray how was that? Why Sir, he told me, as how there was a little master, called Hercules, and as how he was a mighty good boy, and was cold and hungry, and

almost naked, and did not matter, so as he could do good to every body; and as how every body loved him with all their heart. And then, he told me, as how he got a mighty fine coat, and looked here and looked there, and minded nothing but his coat; and as how his coat poisoned him, and would not let him do any more good; and as how all the boys then hated him, and pissed upon him, Sir, —and as how—I believe that's all, Sir.

Here my lord and lady took such a chink of laughing, that it was some time before they could recover; while Harry looked abashed and disconcerted. But my lord, recollecting himself, took the child on his knee, and warmly pressing him to his bosom, I must tell you, my Harry, said he, as how you are a mighty good boy, and as how your dada with a beard is a mighty good dada, and has told you all that is right and true. And that I will go myself, one of these days, and thank him in person. Thank you, Sir, says Harry.

Well, Harry, said my Lord, I promise that no one shall poison you any more, with my consent. Whereupon another new suit was immediately appointed, of a kind that should fear no weather, nor, in case of dirt or damage, draw upon Har-

ry the resentment or admonitions of his mamma.

Just as dinner was served up, Mr Meekly entered and took his seat. He came in order to conciliate a late difference between the Earl and Sir Standish Stately; and in this he found no manner of difficulty, as my Lord was, by nature, of a kindly disposition, and required no more than a first advance to be reconciled to any man.

During the entertainment, Harry kept his eyes fixed on Mr Meekly; and, as soon as the cloth was off, he rose, went over to him, looked fondly in his face, and took hold of his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

Mr Meekly, said my Lord, my son Harry pays you a very particular and very deserved compliment; he puts me in mind of that sort of instinct, by which a strange dog is always sure to discover, and to apply to the most benevolent person at table. Indeed, my Lord, said Mr Meekly (caressing the child) I know not, whether by instinct, or by what other name to call my own feelings; but certain it is, that the first moment I saw him in his little peasant-petticoats, I found my heart strongly affected toward him.

In a short time my lady retired, with the children, and left the Earl and Mr Meekly over a temperate bottle. Mr Meekly, said my Lord, (taking him cordially by the hand) I rejoice at the advantage of our late acquaintance, or rather, I repine that it was not earlier. I am greatly interested, Sir, in asking you a few questions, if I thought I might do it without offence. Are you any way straitened in your circumstances?—No, my Lord.—But would you not wish them more affluent? would you not wish, that your power of doing good were more extensive, more answerable to the benevolence of your own inclinations?—I cannot say that I would, my Lord. I have upwards of seven hundred a-year clear income; and that is considerably more than I have occasion to expend.—It would be indelicate, replied the Earl, very indelicate, to own, that I am sorry for your prosperity; and yet I find that I should have been happy in your distress, in the power it would have given me to serve, to oblige you. I want a friend, I want just such a friend as Mr Meekly; and I know of no price at which I would not gladly purchase him.—My Lord, I am yours; freely, affectionately yours, without fee or condition. Sir, rejoined my

Lord, as I find that I cannot make out a title to your particular attachment, I am content to be taken into the general circle of your benevolence.

The world, Mr Meekly, think me the happiest of men; blessed in my family, in my friends; with health, honours, affluence; with the power of gratifying every wish that human fancy can form; but alas! my sensations are very far from affirming their judgment of these matters; and I will deserve your advice, your consolation, if you can afford it, by unbosoming myself to you without reserve.

When I reflect on my past life, I look on many parts of it with repentance, and on the whole, with regret. Not that with the return of pleasures, that I now despise, or of years spent in a manner that virtue and common sense must equally disapprove: but I am arrived at the evening of life; like a sportsman, who having been in pursuit of game all the day, returns homeward, sorrowful, fatigued, and disappointed. With every advantage that could gratify either my vanity or my appetites, I cannot affirm that I ever tasted of true enjoyment; and I now well perceive, that I was kept from being miserable, merely by amusement and dissipation.

As I had the misfortune to be born to a title and a vast estate, all people respected, in me, the possession of those objects which they themselves were in pursuit of. I was consequently beset with sycophants and deceivers of all sorts, and thereby trained, from my infancy, to unavoidable prejudices, errors, and false estimates of every thing. I was not naturally ill-disposed, but I was perpetually seduced from all my better tendencies.

Both my parents died, before I arrived at those years, wherein our laws allow of any title to discretion. I had but one brother. O that dear brother, how many sighs he has cost me! I was older than him by about seven years; and this disparity of our age, together with the elevating notion of my birthright, gave me the authoritative airs of a father, without a father's tenderness towards him. This mutually prevented that cordiality, that sympathy, as I may say, by which brothers should be cemented during their minority. And when our guardian, as I then judged, had so far betrayed his trust, as to bind my brother apprentice to a trade; and thereby to deprive him of all title to gentility, I looked upon him as a branch cut off from the family-tree; and, as my thoughts about him were accom-

panied by coldness or disgust, I forbore to make any inquiry concerning him.

I am apt to think, however, that he was not equally unnatural on his part; but, hearing of the dissolute life I led on my return from travel, he might justly deem me unworthy of his acquaintance or notice.

During the time of my intimacy with his late majesty, and the ministers of his pleasures and policy, a servant brought me word, that a gentleman, attended by a number of the principal citizens, waited for me in my antichamber; whereupon I gave orders for their immediate introduction.

On their entrance, I was awfully struck with the presence of their principal, with the elegance of his figure, the nobleness of his aspect, and ease of his address; and I felt myself drawn to him by a sudden kind of instinctive attachment.

My Lord, says he, we come to wait upon you in the name of the very respectable body of the citizens of London: some infringements have been lately made on their city-charter, and their first application is to your Lordship, as they wish, above all others, to be obliged to you for their redress.

They have been very discreet, said I, in their choice of an advocate. Their demands must be exorbitant, if they fail of success while you are their solicitor.

This paper, proceeded he, contains a clear detail of their rights, and the encroachments that have been made thereon. They are sensible of your Lordship's interest with his majesty and the ministry, and they humbly petition for your favour and happy influence in their behalf.

Without papers, I replied, or any inducement, save that of your own request, let me but know what I am to do, and I shall think myself truly honoured and obliged by your commands.

My Lord, he rejoined, I do not wish to betray you into any mistaken or unmerited complaisance. I am but a trader, a citizen of the lower order.

I now felt myself blush with shame and disappointment; I resented my being deceived by the dignity of his appearance; and I was more particularly piqued by the sarcastical kind of smile with which he closed his declaration. All confused, I looked down, and pretended to cast my eye over the paper, in order to gain time for recollection. Having, at intervals, muttered a few words, such as charters, grants, privileges, immunities, and so

forth, I am not, said I, an enemy to the lower ranks of men; poor people must live, and their service, as well as subordination, is necessary to society; but I confess I was always fond of those sumptuary laws, that confined the degrees of men to their respective departments, and prevented mechanics from confounding themselves with gentlemen.

My Lord, says he, with the most easy and provoking unconcern, when you shall be pleased to look down from the superiority of your station, and to consider things and persons according to their merits, you will not despise some, merely for being of use to others. The wealth, prosperity, and importance of all this world, are founded and erected on three living pillars, the **TILLER** of the ground, the **MANUFACTURER**, and the **MERCHANT**. Of these, the tiller is supposed to be the least respectable, as he requires the least of genius, invention, or address; and yet the plowman Triptolemus was worshipped as a god; and the plowman Cincinnatus is still held in as high esteem as any peer of any realm, save that of Great Britain.

I have known, said I, a mob of such gods and dictators somewhat dangerous at times. I must be free to tell you, mis-

ter, that matters are much changed since princesses kept sheep, and the sons of kings were cow herds. The rank and orders of men are now appointed and known, and one department must not presume to break in upon the other. My baker, barber, brewer, butcher, hatter, hosier, and tailor, are, unquestionably, of use, though I have not the honour of being acquainted with one of them; and, hitherto, I have deemed it sufficient to send my servants to entertain and pay them their bills, without admitting them to a tete a tete, as at present.

He now rejoined, with a little warmth, My Lord, we pardon your indelicacy, in consideration of your error. The venerable body, now present, might be admitted to a tete a tete with the first estate of this kingdom, without any condescension on the part of majesty. And, would you allow yourself to be duly informed, I should soon make you sensible, that we have actually done you the honour which we intended by this visit.

Permit me to repeat, that the wealth, prosperity, and importance of every thing upon earth arises from the **TILLER**, the **MANUFACTURER**, and the **MERCHANT**, and that, as nothing is truly estimable, save in proportion to its utility, these are,

consequently, very far from being contemptible characters. The tiller supplies the manufacturer, the manufacturer supplies the merchant, and the merchant supplies the world with all its wealth. It is thus that industry is promoted, arts invented and improved, commerce extended, superfluities mutually vended, wants mutually supplied; that each man becomes a useful member of society; that societies become further of advantage to each other; and that states are enabled to pay and dignify their upper servants with titles, rich revenues, principalities, and crowns.

The merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable, and respectable, by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience, and elegance of life; who carries off every redundancy, who fills up every want, who ties country to country, and clime to clime, and brings the remotest regions to neighbourhood and converse; who makes man to be literally the lord of the creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth; who furnishes to each the produce of all lands, and the labours of all nations; and thus knits into one family, and weaves into one web, the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind.

I have no quarrel, I cried, to the high and mighty my lords the merchants, if each could be humbly content with the profits of his profession, without forming themselves into companies, exclusive of their brethren, our itinerant merchants and pedlars. I confess myself an enemy to the monopolies of your chartered companies and city-corporations; and I can perceive no evil consequence to the public or the state, if all such associations were this instant dissolved.

Permit me, he mildly replied, once for all, to set your Lordship right in this matter. I am sensible that the gentlemen of large landed properties are apt to look upon themselves as the pillars of the state; and to consider their interests, and the interests of the nation, as very little beholden to or dependent on trade; tho' the fact is, that those very gentlemen would lose nine parts in ten of their yearly returns, and the nation nine tenths of her yearly revenues, if industry and the arts, (promoted as I said by commerce) did not raise the products of lands to tenfold their natural value. The manufacturer, on the other hand, depends on the landed interest for nothing (save the materials of his craft; and the merchant is wholly independent of all lands, or rather, he is the

general patron thereof. I must further observe to your Lordship, that this beneficent profession is by no means confined to individuals, as you would have it. Large societies of men, nay, mighty nations, may and have been merchants. When societies incorporate for such a worthy purpose they are formed as a foetus within the womb of the mother, a constitution within the general state or constitution; their particular laws and regulations ought, always, to be conformable to those of the national system; and, in that case, such corporations greatly conduce to the peace and good order of cities and large towns, and to the general power and prosperity of the nation.

A nation that is a merchant has no need of an extent of lands, as it can derive to itself subsistence from all parts of the globe. Tyre was situated in a small island on the coast of Phœnicia, and yet that single city contained the most flourishing, opulent, and powerful nation in the universe; a nation that long withstood the united forces of the three first monarchies, brought against her by Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great. The Seven United Provinces do not contain land sufficient for the subsistence of one third of their inhabitants; but the

are a nation of merchants; the world furnishes them with an abundance of all good things; by commerce they have arrived at empire; they have assumed to themselves the principality of the ocean; and by being lords of the ocean, are in a measure become the proprietors of all lands.

Should England ever open her eyes to her own interest, she will follow the same prosperous and ennobling profession; she will conform to the consequences of her situation. She will see that, without a naval pre-eminence, she cannot be safe, and that, without trade, her naval power cannot be supported. Her glory will also flow from this source of her interests, and a sail-yard will become the highest sceptre of her dignity. She will then find, that a single triumph of her flag will be more available for her prosperity, than the conquest of the four continents; that her pre-eminence by sea will carry and diffuse her influence over all lands; and, that universal influence is universal dominion.

Avarice, my Lord, may pile; robbery may plunder; new mines may be opened; hidden treasures may be discovered; gamesters may win cash; conquerors may win kingdoms; but all such means of acquiring riches are transient and determinable: while industry and commerce are

the natural, the living, the never-failing fountains, from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow.

And can you, cried I, have the effrontery to insinuate a preference of yourself, and your fellow-cits, to our British nobles and princes, who derive their powers and dignities from the steadfast extent of their landed possessions? Was it by barter and bargain that our Edwards and Henry achieved their conquests on the continent? or was it by pedlars or mechanics, think you, that the fields of Cressi, of Poitiers, and Agincourt, are rendered immortal? Go, I continued, seek elsewhere for redress of your insignificant grievances; we give little to sturdy beggars, but nothing to fancy rivals.

Wholly kindled by this invective, he cast on me a fierce and manacing regard; and, with a severe accent, and a sidelong glance that shot fire, When courtiers (says he) acquire common sense, and lords shall have learned to behave themselves like gentlemen, I may do such a one the honour to acknowledge him for a brother.

Your brother! exclaimed Mr Meekly, your brother, my Lord!——Yes, Mr Meekly, my brother, my amiable, my very amiable and honourable brother, indeed. But turning contemptuously from

me he instantly departed with his attending citizens.

I ought to have followed, I ought to have staid him. I should have fallen upon his neck : with my tears and caresses I should have wrung a pardon from him, and not have suffered him to leave me till by my submissions I had obtained full forgiveness. This indeed was my first emotion ; but the recollection of my long and unnatural neglect, my utter disregard of his person and concerns, now aggravated by my late insults, persuaded me that a reconciliation on his part was impossible.

I remained disconcerted, and greatly disturbed. I felt with what pride and transport I should now have acknowledged, have courted, have clasped this brother to my bosom ; but my fancy represented him as ice in my arms, as shrinking and turning from me with disgust and disdain. At times, I formed a hundred schemes toward recovering his affections : but, again, rejecting these as ineffectual, I endeavoured to console myself for his loss, by considering his late demeanour as exceeding faulty, and expressive of a disposition insufferably proud and overbearing. My heart, indeed, acknowledged how very lovely he was in his person ; but

the superiority of his talents, and the refinement of his manners, gave him a distinction that was not altogether so grateful.

All day I kept my apartment, in displeasure at my brother, myself, and the world. The next morning I was informed, that, the moment he left me, he went to the minister, who engaged, at his instance, to have every grievance that he complained of redressed to its extent: that the minister had afterwards introduced him to his majesty in full levee, that the king held him in long and familiar conversation, and that all the court was profuse of their admiration and praises of Mr Clinton.

This also was fresh matter of triumph to him, and mortification to me. It was now evident, that my brother's application to me was intended merely to do me peculiar honour; and, in return, said I to myself, I have endeavoured to cover him with confusion and disgrace. Yet when I understood that he had disdained to mention me as his brother, or of his blood, I also scorned to derive lustre from any claim of affinity with him; and I further felt that I could not forgive him the reproaches which he constrained me to give myself in his behalf.

From that time I took great pains to dissipate or suppress those uneasy sensations which the remembrance of him gave me. But after I had married, and retired from the glare and bustle of the world; and more particularly on the birth of my first child, when my heart had entered into a new sphere of domestic feelings, this dear brother returned with double weight upon my mind. Yet his idea was no longer accompanied by envy or resentment, but by an affectionate and sweet, though paining remorse,

I wrote him a letter full of penitential submissions, and of tender and atoning prayers for pardon and reconciliation. But, alas! my messenger returned with tidings, that some years past he had withdrawn from trade, had retired to France or Holland, had dropt all correspondence, and that no one in England knew whether he was dead or alive.

Ah, my brother! my dear brother! (I would often repeat to myself) has any reverse of fortune happened to you, my brother? some domestic calamity, some heavy distress, perhaps! and no brother at hand to console or share your afflictions. Return to me, divide my heart, divide my fortune with me and mine! Alas, wretch that I am, you know not

that you have a brother, one deserving of that name. You know not that this bosom of flint is now humanized, and melted down in the fervour of affection toward you. You hate me, you despise me, my amiable brother! How now shall I make you sensible, that my heart is full of your image, of esteem, of tenderest love, for my lovely Harry Clinton!

I again sent other messengers in search of intelligence, and procured letters to the bankers and merchants of principal note abroad; but all my sollicitudes and inquiries were equally fruitless.

The grief that this occasioned first taught me to reflect, and cast a shade over the lustre of every object about me. The world no more appeared as that world which formerly had held out happiness to either hand. I no longer beheld it through the perspectives of curiosity or youthful desire; I had worn out all its gaities; I had exhausted all its delights; for me it had nothing more to promise, or bestow; and yet I saw no better prospect, no other resource,

Should I turn to religion, a little observation taught me, that the devotees themselves were warm in pursuit of objects of which I was tired; that they were still

subject to the passions and desires of the world; and were no way to be distinguished from other men, save by an unforesightable reserve, or gloomy cast of countenance.

May I venture to confess to you, Mr Meekly, that, at times of my despondence, I dared to call the justice and wisdom of Omnipotence into question. Take this world, (said I to myself) consider it as it seems to stand, independent of any other, and no one living can assign a single end or purpose for which it could be made. Men are even as their fellow-insects; they rise to life, exert their lineaments, and flutter abroad during the summer of their little season; then droop, die away, and are succeeded and succeeded in an insignificant rotation. Even the firmest human establishments, the best laboured systems of policy, can scarce boast a nobler fate, or a longer duration: the mightiest states and nations perish like individuals; in one leaf we read their history, we admire their achievements, we are interested in their successes; but, proceed to the next, and no more than a name is left: the Ninevehs and Babylons of Asia are fallen; the Sparta and Athens of Greece are no more; and the monuments that promised to endure to eternity

are erased like the mount of sand which, yesterday, the children cast up on the shore.

When I behold this stupendous expanse, so sumptuously furnished with a profusion of planets and luminaries, revolving in appointed courses, and diversifying the seasons; I see a work that is altogether worthy of a God. Again, when I descend to earth, and look abroad upon the infinite productions of nature, upon provisions so amply answering to the wants of every living being, and on objects and organs so finely fitted to each other, I trace a complicated maze of wisdom, bounty, and benevolence: But when I see all these beauties and benefits counteracted by some adverse and destructive principle; when the heavens gather their clouds and roll their thunders above, and the earth begins to quake and open beneath us; when the air, that seemed so late to be the breath and balm of life, grows pregnant with a variety of pestilences, plagues and poisons; when life itself is found to be no other than the store-house or habitation of death, and that all vegetable and animal systems include, within their frame, the principles of inevitable distemper and dissolution: when, additional to all these natural mischiefs, I con-

sider the extent and empire of moral evil upon earth ; when I behold the wretched, perishable, short-lived animal, called Man, for the value of some matter of property, as transient as himself, industrious, and studious of the destruction of his species ; when, not content with the evils that nature has entailed upon him, man exerts all his talents for multiplying and speeding the means of perdition to man ; when I see half the world employed in pushing the other half from the verge of existence, and then dropping after in an endless succession of malevolence and misery, I cannot possibly reconcile such contrasts and contradictions to the agency, or even permission, of the one over-ruling principle of goodness called God.

Could not Omniscience foresee such consequences at creation? Unquestionably, said Mr Meekly.

Might he not have ordered matters so, as to have prevented the possibility of any degree of natural or moral evil in his universe?—I think he might, my Lord.—Why did he not then prevent them? to what end could he permit such multiplied malevolence and misery among his creatures? For ends, certainly, my Lord, infinitely worthy both of his wisdom and his goodness. I am desirous it should be

so; but cannot conceive, cannot reach the way or means of compassing such an intention.

Can you not suppose, said Mr Meekly, that evil may be admitted for accomplishing the greater and more abundant good? May not partial and temporary malevolence and misery be finally productive of universal, durable, and unchangeable beatitude? May not the universe, even now, be in the pangs of travail, of labour for such a birth, such a blessed consummation?

It were, rejoined the Earl, as our Shakespear says, it were indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished! But, might not Omnipotence have brought about a consummation equally good, without any intervention of preceding evil?---Had that been possible, my Lord; it would unquestionably have been effected. But if certain relations arise between God and his creatures, and between man and man, which could not arise save on the previous supposition of evil, without which, indeed, neither the attributes of God himself, nor the insufficiency, dependence, or obligation of the creature could have been duly discoverable throughout eternity; then temporary evil becomes indispensibly

necessary to the consequence and consummation of the greatest good.

Your notion, exclaimed the Earl, is great, amazing, truly glorious; and every way worthy of a God who, in such a case would be infinitely worthy of all worship. Is this the reason, Mr Meekly, that what we all so earnestly seek for is no where to be found; that no portion or taste of happiness is to be had upon earth?

I do not say so, my Lord; I think that a man, even on earth, may be occasionally, nay durably, and exceedingly happy.

What, happy! durably, exceedingly happy! repeated the Earl. I was told that the experience of ages, that philosophy and even divinity had agreed with Solomon in this, that all upon earth was vanity and vexation of spirit. If any may enjoy happiness on this side of the great consummation that you speak of, I am persuaded, Mr Meekly, that you yourself are the man. Your lips, indeed, say nothing of the matter; but neither your eyes, nor your aspect can restrain the expression of some extraordinary peace that abides within. O, say then, my dear, my estimable friend, whence, how, by what means, may a man arrive at happiness?-----By getting out of himself, my Lord.

Out of himself, Mr Meekly ! you astonish me greatly. A contradiction in terms, unnatural, impossible !——God, himself my Lord, cannot make a man happy in any other way, either here, or hereafter.

It is, said the Earl, an established maxim among all thinking men, whether divines or philosophers, that SELF-LOVE is the motive to all human actions. Virtue forbid, exclaimed Mr Meekly. All actions are justly held good or evil, bad or honourable, detestable or amiable merely according to their motives : but if the motive is the same to all, there is an end, at once to the possibility of virtue ; the cruel and the kind, the faithful and the perfidious, the prostitute and the patriot, are confounded together.

Do not all men, returned the Earl, agreeable to their own propensities and inclinations ? do they not act so or so merely because it pleases them so to act and is not this pleasure the same motive in all ?——By no means, my Lord, it never was nor can be the motive in any. We must go a question deeper, to discover the secret principle or spring of action. One man is pleased to do good, another is pleased to do evil ; now, whence is it that each is pleased with purposes in their nature so opposite and irreconcilable ?

cause, my Lord, the propensities or motives to action, in each, are as opposite and irreconcilable as the actions themselves: the one is prompted, and therefore pleased with his purpose of doing evil to others, through some base prospect of interest redounding to himself; the other is prompted and spurred, and therefore pleased with his purpose of endangering his person, or suffering in his fortune, through the benevolent prospect of the good that shall thereby redound to others.

Pleasure is, itself, an effect, and cannot be the cause, or principle, or motive to any thing; it is an agreeable sensation that arises, in any animal, on its meeting or contemplating an object that is suited to its nature. As far as the nature of such an animal is evil, evil objects can alone affect it with pleasure; as far as the nature of such an animal is good, the objects must be good whereby its pleasures are excited.

When Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his

procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to the defect of head, merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him, some time, on his madness in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself; My Lord, said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than

friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my Lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But, I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, more estimation than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country! O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!

Dionysius was confounded and awed by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He hesitated, he would have spoken, but he looked down, and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner.

Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a pleased countenance and addressed the assembly:

My prayers are heard, he cried; the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday: Damon could not come, could not conquer impossibilities: he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer; I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal! Be it sufficient, in the mean time that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will speedily approve it, that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But haste to prevent his speed; executioners to your office.

As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remote of the people. A distant voice was heard. The croud caught the words; and, Stop the execution! was repeated by the whole assembly.

A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced.

You are safe, he cried; you are safe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.

Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents,—Fatal haste!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But, I will not be wholly disappointed—since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you!

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestibly approved by their facts.

He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. Live! live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed. Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of

a God to reward it. Live happy! live renowned! and, O, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship!

You bring your arguments quite home, Mr Meekly, said the Earl; the understanding cannot reject what the heart so sensibly feels. My soul deeply acknowledges the existence of virtue, with its essential and inherent difference from vice; and this difference, I acknowledge, must as necessarily be founded in the difference of the principles from whence they proceed: but what those principles are I know not; and am equally a stranger to what you intend by a man's getting out of himself in order to happiness. What am I to understand by the term SELF, Mr Meekly?

Every particle of matter, my Lord, has a SELF, or distinct identity, inasmuch as it cannot be any other particle of matter. Now, while it continues in this its state of SELFISHNESS, or absolute distinction, it is utterly useless and insignificant, and is to the universe as though it were not. It has however a principle of attraction (analogous or answerable to desire in the mind) whereby it endeavours to derive to itself the powers and advantages of all other portions of matter. But when the DIVINE

INTELLIGENCE hath harmonized certain quantities of such distinct particles into certain animal or vegetable systems, this principle of attraction in each is overcome; for each becomes attracted and drawn as it were from SELF; each yields up its powers to the benefit of the whole; and then, and then only, becomes capable and productive of shape, colouring, beauty, flowers, fragrance, and fruits.

Be pleased now to observe, my Lord, that this operation in matter is no other than a manifestation of the like process in mind; and that no soul was ever capable of any degree of virtue and happiness, save so far as it is drawn away, in its affections, from SELF; save so far as it is engaged in nothing, contriving, endeavouring, promoting, and rejoicing in the welfare and happiness of others.

It is, therefore, that the kingdom of heaven is most aptly, and most beautifully, compared to a tree bearing fruit and diffusing odours, whose root is the PRINCIPLE of infinite benevolence, and whose branches are the blessed members, receiving consummate beatitude from the act of communication.

I think, indeed, said the Earl, that I can form some sort of a notion of such a society

in heaven. But it would pose you, Mr Meekly, to exemplify your position from any body of men that ever were upon earth.

Pray pardon me, my Lord; the States of Sparta and Rome derived their lustre and power, their whole pre-eminence and praise, from this principle of communication, which, in them, was called love of country. But this beautifying principle was still more eminently instanced in the society of the church of Jerusalem, who had all things in common; who imparted their possessions to all men, as every man had need; and thence, did eat their common bread with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all people.

You say, my Lord, that you can form a notion of some such excellence in heaven; but I can form no notion of any excellence more admirable, in heaven itself, than when a man, in his present state of frail and depraved nature, overbears his personal fears of pain and mortality, and yields up his body to assured perdition, for public good, or for the sake of those whom it delighteth him to preserve.

I shall pass over the instances of the Roman Regulus and the Decii, as also that of Leonidas, and his three hundred Spartans,

who devoted their lives for the liberties of Greece : was that candidate less a hero, who, being rejected from being one of these self-devoted, exclaimed, The gods be praised that there are three hundred, in Sparta, better men than myself! But I come nearer our own times and our own nation, to exemplify this disregard of SELF, the vital source and principle of every virtue, in six mechanics or craftsmen of the city of Calais.

Edward the Third, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning ; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected, out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission ; but the

citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts,

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcases of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish, in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather, and the weeds of exhausted gardens; and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver, to Edward, the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated, to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his

warmest hopes ; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and natural sovereign : that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected, with beating hearts, the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot ; for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed ? whom had they to deliver, save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours who had so often exposed their lives in their defence ? To long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded ; all Eustace St Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly :

‘ My friends, we are brought to great
‘ straits this day. We must either sub-
‘ mit to the terms of our cruel and en-
‘ snaring conqueror; or yield up our ten-
‘ der infants, our wives, and chaste daugh-
‘ ters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of
‘ the violating soldiery.

‘ We well know what the tyrant in-
‘ tends, by his specious offers of mercy.
‘ It will not satiate his vengeance to make
‘ us merely miserable, he would also
‘ make us criminal, he would make us
‘ contemptible; he will grant us life on
‘ no condition, save that of our being
‘ unworthy of it.

‘ Look about you, my friends, and
‘ fix your eyes on the persons whom you
‘ wish to deliver up as the victims of your
‘ own safety. Which of these would
‘ ye appoint to the rack, the ax, or
‘ the halter? Is there any here, who
‘ has not watched for you, who has not
‘ fought for you, who has not bled for
‘ you? who, through the length of this
‘ inveterate siege, has not suffered fati-
‘ gues and miseries, a thousand times
‘ worse than death, that you and your
‘ might survive to days of peace and
‘ prosperity? Is it your preservers the
‘ whom you would destine to destruc-
‘ tion? you will not, you cannot do so.

Justice, honour, humanity, makes such treason impossible.

‘Where then is our resource? Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient? Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power, who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind.’

He spoke—but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, tho’ they wanted the resolution.

At length Saint Pierre resumed—‘It had been base in me, my fellow-citizens, to propose any matter of danger to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation, which might attend a first offer on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay

‘ more zealous of this martyrdom than
 ‘ can be, however modesty and the fear
 ‘ of imputed ostentation may withhold
 ‘ them from being foremost in exhibiting
 ‘ their merits.

‘ Indeed, the station, to which the cap-
 ‘ tivity of Lord Vienne has unhappi-
 ‘ raised me, imparts a right to be the first
 ‘ in giving my life for your sakes.
 ‘ give it freely, I give it cheerfully—what
 ‘ comes next?’

Your son! exclaimed a youth, not yet
 come to maturity.—‘ Ah, my child! cried
 ‘ Saint Pierre, I am, then, twice sacrific-
 ‘ ficed.—But, no—I have rather begged
 ‘ ten thee a second time.—Thy years are
 ‘ few but full, my son; the victim of
 ‘ virtue has reached the utmost purpose
 ‘ and goal of mortality. Who next, my
 ‘ friends?—This is the hour of heroes!’—
 Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! your
 kinsman, cried James Wislant!—Your kin-
 man, cried Peter Wislant!—Ah, exclaim-
 ed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears,
 why was not I a citizen of Calais?

The sixth victim was still wanting, but
 was quickly supplied, by lot, from num-
 bers who were now emulous of so ennob-
 ling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered
 to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners

into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting! what a scene! They crowded, with their wives and children, about Saint Pierre and his fellow-prisoners; they embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them; they groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning voices passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

The English, by this time, were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion: each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half-starved inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow-prisoners appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arrang-

ed themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, Mauny! says the monarch, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny; they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my Lord; if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably? says Edward; was there no resistance, no commotion among the people? Not in the least, my Lord, the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, has ever shewn, that lenity only serves to invite

people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary, to deter subjects into submission, by punishment and example. Go, he cried to an officer, lead these men to execution! Your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to Saint Pierre, your rebellion against me, the natural heir of the crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.—We have nothing to ask of your majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us.—What is that?—Your esteem, my Lord, said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived, with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken the king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. My Lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects a matter more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France; it respects the honour of the English nation;

it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.

You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

They have behaved themselves worthily, they have behaved themselves greatly. I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor, and indispensable pardon.

I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have with-held from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?

But, if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished thereby! Would it not be said, that magnanimity and virtue

are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain; and that the objects, whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind. The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, a dark and indelible disgrace to his name!

No, my Lord; let us rather disappoint the faucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires: in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so, cried Edward—prevent the execution; have them instantly before us!

They came; when the queen, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:

Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais! ye have put us to vast expence of

blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgement; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us, that excellence is not of blood, or title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those, whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed; provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

Yet, we would rather bind you, to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Ed-

ward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

Ah my country! exclaimed Saint Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.

Brave Saint Pierre, said the queen, wherefore look ye so dejected?—Ah, Madam! replied Saint Pierre, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.

Here a long pause ensued. At length the Earl recollected himself. Mr Meekly, said he, you have now proved to me your position more effectually, more convincingly, than all the power of ratiocination could possibly do. While you related the story of these divine citizens, I was imperceptibly stolen away, and won entirely from self. I entered into all their interests, their passions, and affections; and was wrapt, as it were, into a new world of delightful sensibilities. Is this what you call virtue, what you call happiness?

A good deal of it, my Lord. There are in nature but two kinds of self; in other words, there are but two sorts of will in the universe; the will of infinite wisdom, of infinite benevolence, going forth in

beauty and beatitude on all creatures; and the will of the creature, desiring, attracting, envying, coveting, and rendering all things from all, to its own interest and advantage. In the first will subsists all possible good; from the second arises all possible evil: and did not the first will, in some measure, inform and meliorate the second, the will of every creature would be an Ishmael, his hand would be against every one, and every one's hand against him; and there would be nothing but strife and distraction, hatred, horror, and misery, throughout the creation.

Hence it follows, that, as there is but one will from eternity, infinitely wise to discern what is best throughout the universe, infinitely good to desire the accomplishment of what is best, and infinitely powerful to put what is best in execution, every will that is not informed by this ONE WILL, must of necessity act in ignorance, in blindness, and error. I will further affirm, that every act of every will that is not informed by the ONE WILL of GOODNESS, must, of equal necessity, be the act of malevolence.

I do not see the necessity of that, replied the Earl. I well perceive that God can give to intelligent beings an existence of identity distinct from himself, for I see

that he has done it. What should therefore prevent him from giving qualities as distinct from himself as the essence? Why might he not impart, to any limited degree, capacity, discernment, power, wisdom, and goodness? Might not such a being instantly perceive, to a vast extent, the relations of things, with their several fitnesses and disagreements? would he not consequently be enamoured of what was right and beautiful? would he not act agreeable to such a just approbation? and would not such actions be fitly accounted the acts of virtue?

At this instant a messenger arrived on the spur. He brought word to Mr Meekly, that his friend Mr Husbands was taken suddenly ill, and earnestly requested to see him directly; whereupon Mr Meekly, who preferred any matter of charity to all other considerations, immediately got up, made a silent bow, and vanished.

To return to our hero. As soon as he was new-rigged, he pressed for another visit to his patron, who received him with accustomed tenderness, but greatly wondered at his peasant-dress. Nurse then recited to him the whole adventure of the chattered robings; whereat the old gentleman in a manner devoured him with the eagerness of his caresses.

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When nurse and Harry were departed, he called to him his old domestic. James, said he, with a tear yet standing in his eye, I can no longer live without the company of this dear child; hasten, therefore, the orders I have already given you, and let all things be in readiness for the first opportunity. The domestic, who had caught the silent habit of his master, with a bow, assented, and retired.

Autumn was now advanced, and Lord Dicky, with his brother, a number of little associates, and an attending footman, got leave to go to the copse a-nutting. As the children were perfectly acquainted with the way, the servant desired to stay behind a while, in order to provide hooks for pulling down the branches. This was granted, and forth they all issued in high chat and spirits.

The copse lay at some distance, on one side of the park behind the mansion-house; but, when they had nearly approached the place of their destination, Harry missed a garter; and promising speedily to rejoin his companions, went back to seek it.

In the mean time his associates, on entering the wood, met with another little posse of the village-fry, who were on their return, one of whom carried a bag of nuts that seemed bulkier than the bearer. So

gentlemen, says Lord Dicky, where are you going? Why, home—where should we go? says a little boor, fullenly. And, pray, what have you been doing, says the Lord? Guess, says the boor. Is it nuts that you have got in that bag, demanded the Lord? Ask to-morrow; answered the boor. Sirrah, says Dicky, a little provoked, how dare you to come and pull nuts here, without our leave? Why, as for that, Mr Dicky, replied the other, I know you well enough, and I wouldn't ask your leave, an' you were twenty lords, not I. Sirrah, says Dicky, I have a great mind to take your nuts from you, and to give you as good a beating into the bargain, as ever you got in your life. As for that, Mr Dicky, coolly answered the villager, you must do both or neither. Here I lay down my nuts between us; and now come any two of your water-gruel regiment, one down t'other come on; and if I don't give ye your belly-fulls, why, then take my nuts and welcome, to make up the want.

This gallant invitation was accepted on the spot. Lord Richard chose his companion in arms, and both appeared quite flush and confident of victory: for tho' neither of them had been versed in the gymnastic exercises, they did not want

courage; and they knew that the challenger was their inferior in strength and in years.

But, unhappily for these two champions of quality, Tommy Truck, their adversary, had, like Harry, been a bruiser from two years old and upward, and was held in veneration, as their leader and their chief, by many who were his superiors in age and stature.

Lord Richard began the assault, but was down in a twinkling. To him his friend succeeded, but with no better fortune. A swing or trip of Tommy's sent them instantly, as Alcides sent Antæus, to gather strength from their mother earth. And though these summer heroes, like the young Roman nobility at the battle of Pharsalia, were solely intent on defending their pretty faces from annoyance, yet Tommy, at the third turn, had bloodied them both.

Harry, who was now on his return, perceived the engagement; and running up, and rushing between the combatants, interposed with a voice of authority, and parted the fray.

Having inquired, and duly informed himself of the merits of the cause, he first turned him to Lord Richard, and said, O brother Dicky, brother Dicky, you

ought not to hinder poor boys from pulling a few dirty nuts—what signifies 'em? Then turning to the challenger, his old acquaintance; Tommy, says he, did you know that Dicky was my brother? Yes, says Tommy, rudely; and what though if I did? O, nothing at all, says Harry; but I want to speak with you, Tommy. Whereupon he took the conqueror under the arm, and walking away with him, very lovingly in all appearance, looking about to take care that none of the boys followed him.

Mean time the little gentry threw out their invectives, in profusion, against our departed hero. I think, says one, that master Harry had as much to blame in Tommy as Lord Dicky. Ay, says another, one would think he might as well have taken his brother's part, as that blackguard's. Indeed, it was very naughty of him, says a third. For my part, says a fourth, I will never have any thing more to say to him.

While thus they vilified their late friend, he and his fellow-champion walked arm in arm, in a sullen and uninterrupted silence; till coming to a small opening, in a secreted part of the wood, Harry quitted his companion, desired him to strip, and instantly cast aside his own

hat, coat, and waistcoat. Why should I strip, says Tommy? To box, says Harry. Why should you box with me, Harry? Sure I didn't strike you, says Tom. Yes, Sir, replied our hero, you struck me when you struck Dicky, and knew that he was my brother. Nay, Harry, cried Tom, if it's fight you are for, I'll give you enough of it, I warrant you.

Tom was about eight months older than Harry, his equal in the practice of arms, and much the stronger. But Harry was full as tall, and his motions, quicker than thought, prevented the ward of the most experienced adversary.

Together they rushed, like two little tygers. At once they struck and parried, and watching every opening, they darted their little fists, like engines, at each other. But Tom, marking the quickness, and feeling the smart of Harry's strokes, suddenly leapt within his arms, bore him down to the earth, and triumphantly gave him the first rising blow.

Harry rose, indignant, but warned, by the strength of his adversary, to better caution. He now fought more aloof; and as Tom pressed upon him, he at once guarded, struck, and wheeled, like an experienced cock, without quitting the pit of honour.

Tom finding himself wholly foiled by this Parthian method of combat, again rushed upon his enemy, who was now aware of the shock. They closed, they grappled, they caught each other by the shoulders, joined head to head, and breast to breast, and stood like two pillars, merely supported by their bearing against one another. Again they shifted the left arm, caught each other about the neck, and cuffed and punched at face and stomach, without mercy or remission; till Tom, impatient of this length of battle, gave Harry a side-swing, and Harry giving Tom a trip at the same time, they fell side by side together upon the earth.

They rose and retreated to draw breath, as by mutual consent. They glared on one another with an eye of vindictive apprehension. For neither of them could now boast of more optics than Polyphemus; and, from their forehead to their shoes, they were in one gore of blood.

Again they flew upon each other; again they struck, foiled, and defended, and alternately pressed on and retreated in turns, till Harry, spying an opening, darted his fist, like a shot, into the remaining eye of his enemy. Tom, finding himself in utter darkness, instantly sprung upon his foe, and endeavoured to grapple; but

Harry, with equal agility, avoided the shock, and traversing here and there, beat his adversary at pleasure; till Tom cried out, I yield, I yield, Harry, for I can't see to fight any more.

Then Harry took Tom by the hand, and led him to his clothes, and having assisted him to dress, he next did the same friendly office to himself. Then, arm in arm, they returned much more loving, in reality, than they set out, having been beaten into a true respect and affection for each other.

Some time before this, the footman had joined his young Lord, with the several implements requisite for nutting. They had already pulled down great quantities; the young quality had stuffed their pockets; and the little plebeians who had assisted were now permitted to be busy in gathering up the refuse. When all, turning at the cry of, There is Harry, there is Tom, they perceived our two champions advancing leisurely, but hand in hand, as friends and brothers.

They had left their clothes unbuttoned, for the benefit of the cooling air; and as they approached, their companions were frozen into astonishment, at the sight of their two friends all covered with crimson.

They were neither able to advance to meet them, nor to speak when they arrived. Till Lord Dicky first inquired into this bloody catastrophe, and Harry remaining wholly silent on this subject, blind Tommy cried out, Why, master Dicky, the truth is, that Harry beat me, because I beat you. Then Dicky, feeling a sudden gush of gratitude and affection rising up in his bosom, looked wistfully on his brother, and said, with a plaintive voice, O brother Harry, brother Harry, you are sadly hurt; and turning about, he began to weep most bitterly. But Harry said, Pshaw! brother Dicky, don't cry man; I don't matter it the head of a brass pin. Then turning to the footman, with Tom still in his hand, he cried, Here, John, take that bag of nuts and poor blind Tommy to my mammy's, and tell daddy that I desire him to see them both safe home.

FRIEND. Sir, your hero is indeed a hero; he must be every body's hero.

AUTHOR. Sir, you do me vast honour; and I should be proud of your further instructions toward his supporting the dignity of the character you give him. Pray,

what are the ingredient qualities of which a hero is compounded? What idea have you formed of such a personage? tell me, I beseech you, what is a hero, my good friend?

FR. Pshaw!—what a question?—every fool knows that.—A hero is—as though one should say—a man of high achievement—who performs famous exploits—who does things that are heroical—and in all his actions and demeanour, is a hero indeed.—Why do you laugh?—I will give you the instances approved throughout the world; recorded and duly celebrated by poets, painters, sculptors, statuaries, and historians.—There was the Assyrian Ninus, the Sesostris of Egypt, the Cyrus of Persia, the Alexander of Greece, the Cæsar of Rome, and, partly in our own days, there was the Conde of France, the Charles of Sweden, and Persia's Kouli Kan.—What the plague does the fellow laugh at?

AUT. I am laughing to think what a blockhead Themistocles was. Being asked whom he considered as the greatest of heroes, Not him who conquers, but who saves, replied Themistocles; not the man who ruins, but the man who erects; who of a village can make a city, or turn a despicable people into a great nation.

FR. According to your notion of heroism, that boor and barbarian, Peter Alexiowitz of Russia, was the greatest hero that ever lived.

AUT. True, my friend ; for, of a numerous people, he disembruted every one, except himself. But then, in all equity, he ought to divide his glory with Kate the washer-woman, who humanized the man that humanized a nation.

FR. Whom do you take to have been the greatest hero of antiquity ?

AUT. Lycurgus, without comparison ; the greatest of heroes, and the greatest of legislators. In those very early days, the people of Lacedæmon were extremely rude and ignorant ; they acknowledged no laws, save the dictates of their own will, or the will of their rulers. Lycurgus might have assumed the sceptre, but his ambition aspired to a much more elevated and durable dominion, over the souls, manners, and conduct of the people and their posterity. He framed a body of the most extraordinary institutions that ever entered into the heart or head of man. Next to those of our DIVINE LEGISLATOR, they were intended to form a new creature. He prevailed upon the rich to make an equal distribution of their lands with the poor. He prohibited the use of all

such money as was current among other nations, and thereby prohibited the importation of the means and materials of pomp and luxury. He enjoined them to feed, in common, on simple and frugal fare. He forbid all gorgeousness of furniture and apparel. In short, he endeavoured to suppress every sensual and selfish desire, by injunctions of daily exercise, toil, and hardship; a patient endurance of pain, and a noble contempt of death. At length, feigning some occasion of being abroad for a season, he exacted an oath from the Lacedæmonians, that they should strictly observe his laws, without the smallest infringement, till his return. Thus, for the love of his country, he went into perpetual banishment from it. And he took measures, at his death, that his body should never be found, lest it should be carried back to Sparta, and give his countrymen a colour for dissolving their oath.

FR. Laying Peter aside, who think you was the greatest hero among the moderns?

AUT. To confess the truth, among all that I have heard or read of, the hero whom I most affect was a madman, and the lawgiver whom I most affect was a fool.

FR. 'Troth, I believe you never would have been the writer you are at this day, if you had not adopted somewhat of both the said qualities. But, come, unriddle, I beseech you; where may this favourite hero and legislator be found?

AUT. In a fragment of the Spanish history, bequeathed to the world by one Signior Cervantes.

FR. O!—have you led me to my old acquaintance? pray, has not your Pegasus some swatch of the qualities of the famous Rosinante?

AUT. Quite as chaste, I assure you. But, I perceive that you think I am drolling; you do not suppose that you can ever be seriously of the same opinion. Yet, if you demand of your own memory, for what have the great heroes throughout history been renowned? it must answer, for mischief merely; for spreading desolation and calamity among men. How greatly, how gloriously, how divinely superior was our hero of the Mancha! who went about righting of wrongs, and redressing of injuries, lifting up the fallen, and pulling down those whom iniquity had exalted. In this his marvellous undertaking, what buffetings, what bruising, what trampling of ribs, what pounding of packstaves did his bones not en-

ture? (mine ached at the recital.) But toil was his bed of down, and the house of pain was, to him, a bower of delight, while he considered himself as engaged in giving ease, advantage, and happiness to others. If events did not answer to the enterprizes of his heart, it is not to be imputed to the man, but to his malady; for, had his power and influence been as extensive as his benevolence, all things awry, upon earth, at the risk of his limbs and life, would instantly have been set straight as a cedar.

But, let me turn, with reverence, to kiss the hem of the robes of the most respectable of all governors and legislators, Sancha Pancha. What judgements! what institutions! How are Minos, and Solon, and the inspired of the goddess *Ægeria*, here eclipsed! Sancho, thou wast a peasant, thou wast illiterate, thou wast a dunce for a man, but an angel for a governor; inasmuch as, contrary to the custom of all other governors, thou didst not desire any thing, thou didst not wish for any thing, thine eye was not bent to any thing, save the good of thy people; therefore thou couldst not stray, thou hadst no other way to travel. Could *Affliction* have been moved to action upon the same principle, the regency of storks had

not prevailed among men. How am I provoked, Pancha, when I see thee insulted! How am I grieved, when I find thee deposed! Saving the realms of a certain majesty, I say, and sigh to myself, O, that the whole earth were as thine island of Barataria, and thou, Sancho, the legislator and the ruler thereof!

FR. I feel conviction; I confess it. But tell me, I pray you; why has the world, through all ages and nations, universally ascribed heroism and glory to conquest?

AUT. Through the respect, as I take it, that they have for power. Man is by nature weak; he is born in and to a state of dependence; he therefore naturally seeks and looks about for help; and, where he observes the greatest power, it is there that he applies and prays for protection. Now, though this power should be exerted to his damage instead of defence, it makes no alteration in his reverence for it; he bows while he trembles, and while he detests he worships. In the present case, it is with man as it is with God; he is not so awful and striking, he is not so much attended to, in the soft and gentle dews of his providence and benignity, as in his lightnings

and thunders, his clouds and his tempest.

Hero, heroes, and *grec*, in the three languages, signify a demigod, or one who is superior to mere man. But, how can this superiority or distinction be shewn? The serene acts of beneficence, the small and still voice of goodness, are neither accompanied by noise nor ostentation. It is uproar and tumult, rather the tumbling of sacked cities, the shrieks of ravished matrons, and the groans of dying nations that fill the trumpet of fame. Men of power and ambition find distinction and glory very readily attainable in this way; as it is incomparably more easy to destroy than to create, to give death than to give life, to pull down than to build up, to bring devastation and misery rather than plenty and peace and prosperity upon earth.

FR. Were not mankind, in this instance, as blind to their own interests, as they were iniquitous in giving glory where shame alone was due?

AUT. In so doing they proved at once the dupes and the victims of their own folly. Praise a child for his genius and pranks of mischief and malevolence, and you quicken him in the direct road to the gallows. It is just so that this

world has bred up its heroic reprobates, by ascribing honour and acclamation to deeds that called loudly for infamy and the gibbet; for the world was an ass from its very commencement, and it will continue a dunderhead to the end.

From the beginning of things (a long time ago) the joint invention of mankind has discovered but two methods of procuring sustenance on earth, the first by the labour of their own hands, the second by employing the hands of others.

All therefore are excluded, or at least ought to be excluded from such a world, who refuse to labour; or, what is still worse, who disturb and prevent the labour of others.

Among those who will not labour, we may number all who have the happiness of being born to no manner of end; such as the monks of every country, the Derwises of Persia, the Bramins of India, the Mandarins of China, and the Gentlemen of these free and polished nations.

These have nothing to do but to sleep it, to wake it; to eat it, to drink it; to dance it, to doze it; to riot it, to roar it; and to rejoice in the happy earnest which this world has given them of the jollities of the next.

Among those who disturb the labour of others, I reckon all your rascally Alexanders and Cæsars, whether ancient or modern; who, in their fits of frenzy and folly, scamper about, breaking the lanthorn and beating the watch of this world, to the great amazement of women and terror of little children; and who seem to think, that Heaven gave noses and heads for no end in nature but to be bloodied and cracked. In short, I have no patience when I hear talk of these fellows. I am not half so fretted when I hear my own works read.—Go on, I request you, it may happen to put me in temper.

C H A P. V.

THE young gentlemen were now upon their return; and as they approached the house, they crouded about Harry, to keep him from being seen, till he took an opportunity of slipping away and stealing up to his chamber. He now grew stiff and sore; and his nurse, having got an intimation of what had happened, hurried up to him, and wept over him with abundant tears of cordial affection.

tion. She strait undressed, and put him to bed; and having ordered some white-wine whey, of which she made him drink plentifully, she also undressed, and went to bed to him; and Harry, casting his little arm about her neck, and putting his head in her bosom, was fast in a twinkling.

By this time John had returned from the execution of his commission. He had been fully apprized by Tommy, on the road, of all the circumstances relating to this bloody business; and, going to his Lord and Lady, he gave them the whole detail, occasionally dwelling and expatiating on Harry's courage, his prowess, his honour, and his generosity. They could now no longer forbear indulging themselves with the sight of a child, in whom they held themselves honoured, above all titles. They stole gently up stairs; and having got a peep at Harry, and observing that he was fast asleep, they stole as softly back again, each inwardly exulting in their glorious boy.

Our hero was scarce recovered from his wounds and bruises, when on a day he met a little beggar boy, at the hall-door, half naked, and whinging and shivering with cold. His heart was instantly touched with wonted compassion; and taking him by the hand, What is

your name, my poor little boy, says Harry? Neddy, Sir, says the child. And where's your dadda and mammy? O, Sir, answered Ned, I have no dadda nor mammy in the world wide. Don't cry, don't cry, says Harry. I have several daddies and mammies, and I will give you one or two of them. But where did you leave your clothes, Neddy? I have not any, Sir, replied the child in a piteous accent. Well, well, it don't matter, Neddy, for I have more clothes too, says Harry. So taking him again by the hand, he led him up to his apartment, without being perceived of any; and helping him to strip, he ran to his closet for the shirt which he had last thrown off, and put it on the new comer, with equal haste and delight. He next ran for the entire suit that his bearded dadda had given him; and, having helped, and shewn him how to put on the breeches, he drew on the stockings and shoes with his own hands. To these succeeded the coat and waistcoat; and Ned was now full as well rigged as his benefactor.

Never had our hero enjoyed himself so highly as while he was thus employed. When he had finished his operations, he chuckled and smiled, turned Ned round and round, walked here and there about

him, and was as proud of him as if he had been wholly of his own making.

He now, again, became thoughtful, forecasting in his mind the particulars that might further be requisite for the accommodation of his guest; for he was grown too fond of him to think of parting suddenly. He then recollected an adjoining lumber-room, and, taking Ned with him, they found a little old matress, which with united strength, they dragged forth, and lodged in a convenient corner of the closet: to this they added a pair of old blankets, and Harry, having spread them for Ned's repose, in the best manner he was able, asked his dependent if he was not hungry? Yes, very, very hungry, indeed, Sir, cried Ned. No sooner said, than Harry flew down to the kitchen, and, looking about, and spying a large porringer of milk, and a luncheon of bread, that one of the servants had provided for a young favourite of her own, he seized upon them like a hawk, and hastening again to his chamber, delivered them to Neddy, who already had half-devoured them with his eyes. Ned instantly fell to, with the rapture of a cormorant, or any rapture that can be supposed less than that of his friend Harry, who stood over him with the feelings of a parent turtle,

that feeds his young with the meat derived from his own bowels.

For a few days, Harry kept his dependent shut up in his chamber, or closet, without the privity of any of the family, except nurse, to whom he had revealed the affair, under the seal of the strictest secrecy.

But, on a cross-day, Susy, the housemaid, having entered with a new broom into our hero's apartment, perceived in a corner, the tattered deposit of Ned's original robings; and, lifting them, at a cautious distance, with a finger and thumb, she perceived also, as many other philosophers have done, that there is no part of this globe which is not peopled with nations of animals, if man had but attention and optics duly accommodated to the vision. She dropt the living garment, as though she had taken up a burning horse-shoe; and was, instantly, peopled, by her prolific imagination, with tribes of the same species, from head to foot.

In this fit of disgust, Susy happened, unfortunately, to step into the closet, and spied Ned in a dark corner, where he had squated and drawn himself up to the size of a hedge-hog. She immediately flew at him, like one of the Eumenides, and

dragged him forth to the light, as Hercules is said to have hauled Cacus from his den. She questioned him with a voice of implacable authority; and Ned, with humble and ingenuous tears, confessed the whole adventure. But Susy, no way melted, exclaimed, What firrah, have you, and your master Harry, a mind to breed an affection in the house? I will remit of no such doings, for I have an utter conversion to beggar-brats and vermil. She then commanded him to bundle up his old rags, and, driving him down stairs before her, she dismissed him from the hall-door, with a pair of smart boxes on each side of his head, and ordered him never more to defend her sight.

Poor Ned went weeping and wailing from the door, when who should he see, at about fifty paces distant, but his beloved patron Harry, who had been cutting a switch from the next hedge. To him he ran with precipitation. Harry, touched with a compassion not free from resentment, to see his favourite in tears, demanded the cause of his apparent distress, which Ned truly related. Our hero, thereupon, became thoughtful and moody; and, judging that Susy had not acted thus without authority, he conceived a general disgust at a family who had treated

him so injuriously in the person of his Neddy; but, comforting his dependent the best he could, Come Neddy, says he, don't cry, my man, I will bring you, that I will, to my own dear dad-da, and he will welcome and love you for my sake. Then, making his way through a small breach in the neighbouring hedge, he ordered Ned to follow him, and flew across the field, like a bird of passage, in a direct line to his patron's.

The old gentleman saw him approaching, and gave sign to his ancient domestic, who withdrew with precipitation. He received and caressed our hero with more than usual transport: And who, my dear, says he, is this pretty little boy that you have got with you? Harry, then, like the Grecian Demosthenes, taking time to warm himself with the recollection of his own ideas, and, setting his person forth with an action and ardour that determined to prevail, made the following oration:

Why, dad-da, I must tell you as how this poor little boy, for he is a very poor little boy, and his name is Neddy, Sir, and he has no friend in the wide world but you and I Sir; and, so Sir, as I was telling you, he comes to the door, crying sadly for cold and hunger, and would have pitied every body, for he had no

clothes, nor daddy nor mammy at all, Sir, and I had a many of them, and that was not fair, you know, Sir; and I was in the humour to give him all the daddas and mammas I had in the world, except you, Sir, and mammy nurse. And so, I takes him up stairs, and I puts the clothes upon him that you gave me when I was a poor little boy, Sir; for no body had to say to them but you and I, Sir, and I knew that you would pity poor little Neddy more than I pitied him myself, Sir. And so, dad-da, they takes my poor little Neddy to-day, and boxed him, and beat him sadly, and turned him out of doors; and so I meets him crying and roaring; and so, you know, Sir, as how I had nothing to do, but to bring him to you, Sir, or to stay, and cry with him for company, Sir.

Here orator Harry ceased to speak, except by his tears, which he could no longer restrain, and which proceeded to lead most emphatically for him. But his patron took him in his arms, and kissed the drops from both eyes, and said, Do not cry, my darling, for I am yours, my Harry, and all that I have is yours; and, if you had brought a whole regiment of poor little Neddies with you,

they should be all welcome to me, for your sake, my Harry.

Then Harry sprung up and caught his patron about the neck, so that it was some time before the old gentleman could get loose. But Harry, says he, I am going just now to leave this country; will you and your man Neddy come along with me? Over the world wide, dad-da, says Harry; but where are you going, Sir? I am going a-begging, Harry. O, that will be brave sport, says Harry! I will tell you what you shall do, dad-da. What's that, my love? Why, Sir, says Harry, you must get a great bag, like the old man and little child that was at our door t'other day; and Neddy and I will beg for you, Sir; and we will put all that we get into your great bag, as that good little child did for his daddy, without touching a bit, though he was a-hungry enough himself, poor fellow, I warrant. But don't let us go to beg at papa's door, Sir; for if you do, they will box and beat us, and drive us away, as they did to poor little Neddy to-day, Sir.

The old gentleman, thereat, had his countenance divided betwixt the rising tear and the bursting laugh. But, taking Harry by the hand, he said, No, no, my heavenly creature, I am not going to beg

of any man living, but to beg of God to pour down his full weight of blessings upon my Harry, and to endeavour to confirm them to him, both here and hereafter, by my care and instructions.

Having thus spoken, he put a large cake into the hand of each of the children, and, causing them to drink a full glass of small white-wine, he took them into a back-yard, where a light coach with six horses, and three servants ready mounted attended; and having placed his young companions, and seated himself between them, away the coach drove at a sweeping gallop.

About the time that our hero and his patron set out, Nurse went up stairs with a most bountiful cut of home-baked bread and butter, for the amusement of the young caitiff whom she had left in the closet; but not finding him there, she hastily dropped her provender on the first window she met, and hurrying down to the kitchen, earnestly inquired for the little beggar-boy whom master Harry had taken into his service. At this question all the servants stood in silent amazement, except Susy, who bridling up and assuming the whole importance of her station, Why, Nurse, says she, you mustn't oppose that I am come here to sweep and

to clean after lousy little flagrants ; it was enough to breed an antagion, that it was in the house ; so what magnifies many words, I took the little dirty bastard, and cuff'd him out of doors. You did, husband, says the nurse, you dare to affront and vex my child, my little man, the honour and pride of all the family ? and so saying, she ups with her brawny arm, and gave Susy such a douse on the side of the head, as left her fast asleep for an hour and upward. Then running up stairs again, she went searching and clamouring for her Harry, about the house, in order to comfort and condole with him for his loss.

Dinner was now served up, and the company seated, and all the servants ran severally here and there, repeatedly summing master Harry to attend ; but Harry was out of hearing, by many a mile. When the cloth was removed the nurse entered with an aspect, half in tears and half distracted, and exclaimed that her child was not to be found. And what, nurse, says the Earl, do you think is become of him ? I hope, my Lord, says she, that he is either strayed to his daddy or to the dumb gentleman's. Then messengers were instantly dispatched to both houses, who speedily returned with tid-

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ings, that master Harry had not been seen at his foster-father's, and that no one was at home at the house of the dumb gentleman.

The business now became serious and alarming; the whole house was in commotion, and all the domestics, and our hero's loving nurse, with Lord Dicky in her hand, ran searching through the gardens, the fields, and the groves, that resounded on all sides with the name of the absentee.

On their return from a disquisition, as fruitless as solicitous, Nurse declared her apprehensions, that Harry was gone off with a little favourite boy whom he had taken into service, and whom the housemaid that morning had beaten out of doors. Susy, being nearly recovered, and now called and questioned thereon, was compelled to confess the fact, though in terms less haughty and less elegant than usual; when my Lord, looking sternly at her, And who, you impudent slut, he cried, gave you authority to turn any one out of my house, whom my noble and generous boy was pleased to bring in? Get you instantly away, and never let me be so unhappy as to see that face again.

By this time, the whole village and neighbourhood, as well as this noble fa-

mily, were in trouble and alarms for the loss of their little favourite; when a country man entered in sweaty haste, and desired, without preface, to be admitted to the Earl. My Lord, says he, I think I can give you some news of your dear child. As I was returning home on the London road, I saw a coach and six driving towards me at a great rate, and though it passed me in haste, I marked that the gentleman with the beard was in it, and that he had two children with him, one on each hand, though I had not time to observe their faces.

Here is something for your news, said the Earl, it may be as you say.—Here, John! take a posse of the servants along with you; go in haste to that man's house; if no one answers, break open the door; and bring me word of what you can learn concerning him.

John, who was the house-steward, hurried instantly on his commission; and, finding all in silence, after loud and repeated knockings, he and his myrmidons burst open the door, and rushing in ran up and down through all the apartments. They found the house richly furnished, a library of choice books above stairs, a beaufet full of massy plate, and every thing in order, as if prepared for the re-

ception of a family of distinction. At this they all stood astonished, till John, casting his eye toward a table in the direct-parlour, perceived a paper, which he hastily snatched up, and found to be a letter, duly folded and sealed, and addressed to his lord. Exulting at this discovery, he left some of the servants to watch the goods, and hurried back with all possible speed to his master.

My Lord, says John entering, and striving to recover breath, the dumb gentleman, as they call him, must be a main rich man, for the very furniture of his house cannot be worth less than some thousands of pounds. John then presented the letter, which the Earl hastily broke open, and found to be as follows :

‘ My LORD,

‘ I AM at length presented with an opportunity of carrying off your little Harry, the greatest treasure that ever parents were blessed with.

‘ The distress that I feel, in foreseeing the affliction that his absence will cause to your whole family, has not been able to prevail for the suspension of this enterprise, as the child’s interest and happiness outweighs, with me, all other considerations.

‘ Permit me, however, to assure your
 ‘ lordship, that your darling is in very safe
 ‘ and very affectionate hands ; and that
 ‘ it shall be the whole concern and em-
 ‘ ployment of my life, to render and to
 ‘ return him to you, in due time, the
 ‘ most accomplished and most perfect of
 ‘ all human beings.

‘ In the mean while, your utmost
 ‘ search and inquiry after us will be
 ‘ fruitless. I leave to your Lordship my
 ‘ house and furniture, as a pledge and
 ‘ assurance of the integrity of my inten-
 ‘ tions,

And am, &c.’

The mystery of our hero’s flight was now, in a great measure, unravelled ; but no one could form any rational conjecture touching the motives of the old gentleman’s procedure in the case ; and all were staggered at his leaving such a mass of wealth behind him.

As the falling on of a dark night rendered all pursuit, for that time, impracticable, my Lord ordered the servants to bed, that they might rise before day ; and then to take every horse he had, coach-cattle and all, and to muster and mount the young men of the village, and to pursue after the fugitives, by different

roads, according to the best likelihood or intelligence they might receive.

In this hopeful prospect, the house was again in some measure composed; all, except poor nurse, who would not be comforted, neither could be prevailed upon to enter in at the doors; but all night on the cold stairs, or rambling through the raw air, continued clapping and wringing her hands, and bewailing the irreparable loss of her Harry.

On the following day, my Lord ordered a minute inventory to be taken of all the furniture in the forsaken mansion-house; and further appointed Harry's foster-father, with his family, to enter into possession, and to take care of the effects, till such time as the proprietor should renew his claim.

After three tedious days, and as many expecting nights, the posse that went in quest of our runaways returned; all drooping and dejected, most of them slowly leading their overspent horses, and universally bespattered or covered with mire, without any equivalent of comfortable tidings to balance the weight of their languor and fatigue.

The happiness or wretchedness of human life, as it should seem, does not so much depend on the loss or acquisition of

real advantage, as on the fluctuating opinions and imaginations of men. The absence of this infant, who, but a few months before, had no manner of interest in the views, affections, or solitudes of this noble family, appeared now as the loss of all their honours and fortunes : a general face of mourning seemed to darken every apartment ; and my Lord and Lady no more paid visits, nor received public company. They were, however, inventive in many contrivances for amusing and consoling their darling Dicky ; but even this was to little purpose, for he was often found silently languishing in corners ; or crying, O, where's my brother Harry, my own sweet brother Harry ! shall I never see my own brother Harry any more ?

My Lord had already dispatched a multitude of circular letters to all his acquaintances, with other notices, throughout the kingdom, containing offers of ample rewards for the recovery of his child. But, finding all ineffectual, he caused advertisements to the same purpose, to be repeatedly inserted in all the public papers ; as the same, no doubt, are still extant, and may be found in the musty chronicles of those days.

Within a few weeks after the publishing of these advertisements, my Lord re-

ceived a letter, respecting his son Harry, that afforded great consolation to him and his lady ; insomuch that, with the help of the lenient hand of Time, in less than the space of twelve months, this noble family was restored to their former cheerfulness and tranquillity.

But to return to the situation in which we left our hero : the coach drove on, at a round rate, and the children continued in high glee, and thought this kind of conveyance the finest sport imaginable.

When they had entered a space, on the first common, the coachman looked about, to take care that no one was in sight ; and, turning to the right hand, he held gently on, till he came to another great road, on which he drove at his former rate. This he did again at the next common, and coming to another road, that led also to London, and night now approaching, he put up at the first great inn he came to.

Harry's patron had the precaution to keep his great coat muffled about his face, so that no one could observe his beard, till they were shewn to a room, and fire and candles were lighted up. Then his ancient friend and domestic having provided scissars and implements for shaving,

locked the door, and set to work in the presence of the children.

Harry was all attention during the whole process; and when the operation was quite compleated, he drew near to his patron, with a cautious kind of jealousy, and looking up to his face, with the tears in his little eyes, Speak to me, Sir, says he, pray speak to me. It is, answered the old gentleman, the only comfort of my life to be with you and to speak to you, my Harry. The child hearing the well-known voice of friendship, immediately cleared again, and reaching up his little arms to embrace his patron, O, indeed, says he, I believe you are my own dadda still.

Though Harry was now reconciled to the identity of his friend, yet he felt a secret regret for the absence of his beard; for he loved all and every part of him so entirely, that the loss of a hair appeared a loss and a want to the heart of Harry.

After an early supper, and two or three small glasses of wine *per* man, this gentleman, whom his servants had now announced by the name of Mr Fenton proposed Hide and go Seek to his associates. This invitation was accepted with transport; and after they were cloyed with Hide and

Seek, they all played Tagg, till they were well warmed.

Mr Fenton ordered a pallet into the chamber, for James his faithful domestic and little Ned. Then helping to undress Harry, he put him first to-bed; and, hastening after, he took his darling to his bosom, and tenderly pressed him to a heart that loved him more than all the world, and more than that world ten times told.

In about three days more they arrived safe at Hampstead, and stopping at the court of a large house, that was delightfully situated, they were welcomed by a gentlewoman-looking matron, whom James had fixed for housekeeper about a fortnight before.

The next day Mr Fenton and his blithe companions were attended at table by James and the two footmen.

As soon as the latter grace was said, and the cloth taken away, Harry, says Mr Fenton, it is now our turn to wait on James and his fellow-servants; for God made us all to be servants to each other: one man is not born a bit better than another; and he is the best and greatest of all who serves and attends the most, and requires least to be served and attended upon. And, my precious, he that is a

king to day, if so it shall please God, may become a beggar to-morrow, and it is good that people should be prepared against all that may happen.

Having so said, he took his associates down to the hall, just as the servants had sat down to dinner. He gave his domestics the wink, and beginning to set the example, asked Mrs Hannah, and Mr James, and Mr Frank, and Mr Andrew what they would please to have? The servants, readily falling in with their master's scheme, ordered Harry to bring such a thing, and Ned to fetch such a thing, and Harry to do this, and Harry to do that: while Harry, with a graceful action, and more beautiful than Ganymede, the cup-bearer of the gods, flew cheerfully about, from side to side, preventing the wishes of all at table; so that they poured upon him a thousand blessings from the bottom of their hearts, and would not now have parted with him for the mighty rewards which his father some time after proposed for his recovery.

Within a fortnight after this, Mr James, the house-steward, furnished a large lumber-room with thousands of coats, outer-coats, shirts, waist-coats, breeches, stockings, and shoes, of different sorts and

es, but all of warm and clean, though
homely materials.

When this was done, Mr Fenton led
his favourite up to the stores, and said,
My Harry, you see all these things, and
make a present of all these things to
my Harry. And now tell me, my love,
what will you do with them? Why dadda,
says Harry, you know that I cannot wear
them myself. No, my dear, says Mr
Fenton, for you have clothes enough be-
le, and some of them would not fit you,
and others would smother you. What
then will you do with them, will you burn
them, or throw them away? O, that
would be very naughty and wicked in-
deed, says Harry. No, dadda, as I do not
want them myself, I will give them to those
that do. That will be very honestly done
of you, says Mr Fenton; for, in truth,
they have a better right to them, my Har-
ry, than you have, and that which you
cannot use, cannot belong to you. So
that, in giving you these things, my dar-
ling, it should seem, as if I made you no
gift at all. O, a very sweet gift, says
Harry. How is that, says Mr Fenton?
Why, the gift of doing good to poor
people, Sir. Mr Fenton, then stepping
back, and gazing on our hero, cried,

Whoever attempts to instruct thee, my angel, must, himself, be instructed of heaven, who speaks by that sweet mouth.

But Harry, it would not be discreet to give you to give these things to the common beggars who come every day to our door, to give them victuals and half-pence or pence a-piece, and welcome; but, if you give such beggars twenty suits of clothes, they will cast them all off, and put on their rags again, to move people to pity them. But when you spy any poor traveller going the road, and your eyes see that they are naked, or your heart tells you that they are hungry; then, do not wait till they beg of you, but go and beg of them to favour you with their acceptance; then take them unto the fire and warm them and feed them; and when you have so done, take them up to your store-room, and clothe them with whatever you think they want: and believe me, my Harry, whenever you are cold, or hungry, or wounded, or in want, or in sickness, yourself; the very remembrance of your having clothed, and fed, and cured, and comforted, the naked and the hungry, the wounded and the afflicted, will be warmth, and food, and medicine, and balm to your own mind.

While Mr Fenton spoke, the muscles of Harry's expressive countenance, like an equally-tuned instrument, uttered unisons to every word he heard.

From this day forward, Harry and Ned or turns, were frequently out on the satch; and often single, or in pairs, or by whole families, Harry would take in a poor father and mother, with their helpless infants, driven perhaps from house or home, by fire, or other misfortune, or oppressive landlord, or ruthless creditor; and having warmed, and fed, and clothed, and treated the old ones as his parents, and the little ones as his brothers and sisters, he would give them additional money for charges on the road, and send them away the happiest of all people except himself.

By this time, Mr Fenton had inquired into the circumstances and characters of all the poor in the town and throughout the precincts; and having refuted or confirmed the intelligence he had received, by a personal inspection and visit from house to house; and having made entries of all such as he deemed real objects, and worthy of his beneficence, he invited the heads of the several families to take a dinner with him, every Sunday, at his hall.

On the following Sunday, there came about thirty of the visitants, which number soon increased to fifty weekly guests.

On entering, they found the cloth ready spread; and Mr James, having counted heads, laid a crown, in silver, upon every plate; which first course was a most refreshing sauce to all that followed. A plentiful dinner was then introduced, and the guests being seated, Mr Fenton, Harry Ned, and the four domestics attended, and disposed themselves in a manner the most ready to supply the wants of the company. The guests, all abashed and confounded at what they saw, sat some time with open mouth, and unswallowed victuals; much less did they presume to apply to the waiters for any article they wanted; till, being encouraged and spirited up, by the cheerfulness, ease, and readiness of their attendants, they became by degrees, quite happy and jovial; and after a saturating meal, and an enlivening cup, they departed, with elevated spirits, with humanized manners, and with hearts warmed in affection toward every member of this extraordinary house.

By the means of this weekly bounty these reviving families were soon enabled to clear their little debts to the chandlers which had compelled them to take up

every thing at the dearest hand. They were also further enabled to purchase wheels and other implements, with the materials of flax and wool, for employing the late idle hands of their household. They now appeared decently clad, and with happy countenances; their wealth increased with their industry; and the product of the employment of so many late useless members became a real accession of wealth to the public. So true it is, that the prosperity of this world, and of every nation and society therein, depends solely on the industry or manufactures of the individuals. And so much more nobly did this private patron act, than all ancient legislators, or modern patrons and landlords, whose selfishness, if they had but common cunning, or common sense, might instruct them to increase their proper rents, and enrich their native country, by supplying the hands of all the poor, within their influence, with the implements and materials of the prosperity of each.

In the mean time, Mrs Hannah daily instructed the children in the reading of English; neither was Mr Fenton inattentive to any means that might preserve and promote the health, action, and corporal excellencies of his little champion.

He had a large lawn behind his garden, and hither he summoned, three times every week, all the boys of the vicinage, who were between two years advanced above the age of our hero. To these he appointed premiums for foot-ball, hurling, wrestling, leaping, running, cudgelling, and buffing. But the champions were enjoined to invest their fists with little muffers, inasmuch that, how great soever their vigour might be, the bruises that they gave stopped short of mortality.

Now though these premiums were almost universally adjudged to the party of which Harry then happened to be a member, or individually to himself, for his single prowess and pre-eminence, yet he never would consent to bear the prize from the field; but either gave it to some favourite among those with whom he had been associated, or to the particular champion whom he had worsted in contest; for he felt the shame and defeat of his mortified adversary, and consolingly hinted at the injustice of the judges, and reformed their error by the restoration of the reward.

One day while Harry was watching to intercept poor travellers, as eagerly as a fowler watches for the rising of his game, he heard a plaintive voice, behind the

hedge, as he thought, in the opposite field. He flew across the road, and, passing through a small turnstile, soon found the unhappy objects he sought for. He stood, for some time, like a statue, and his compassion became too strong for tears of utterance: but suddenly turning, and flying back again, he rushed, with precipitation, into the room where Mr Fenton was writing a letter. What is the matter? said Mr Fenton, starting; what has frightened you, my Harry? what makes you look so pale? To this Harry replied not, but catching hold of his hand, and, pulling with all his force, O come! says he; O come, dad-da, and see!

Mr Fenton then got up, and suffered himself to be led where the child pleased to conduct him, without another word being asked or answered on either side.

When they were come into the field, Mr Fenton observed a man sitting on the ground. His clothes seemed, from head to foot, as the tattered remainder of better days. Through a squalid wig and beard, his pale face appeared just tinged with a faint and sickly red: And his hollow eyes were fixed upon the face of a woman, whose head he held on his knees; and who looked to be dead, or dying, though without any apparent ago-

ny ; while a male infant, about four years of age, was half-stretched on the ground, and half across the woman's lap, with its little nose pinched by famine, and its eyes staring about, wildly, though without attention to any thing. Distress seemed to have expended its utmost bitterness on these objects, and the last sigh and tear to have been already exhausted.

Unhappy man ! cried Mr Fenton, pray who or what are you ? To which the stranger faintly replied, without lifting his eyes, Whoever you may be, disturb not the last hour of those who wish to be at peace.

Run, Harry, says Mr Fenton, desire all the servants to come to me immediately ; and bid Mrs Hannah bring some hartshorn, and a bottle of cordial.

Away flew Harry, like feathered Mercury, on his godlike errand. Forth issued Mr James, Frank, and Andrew ; and last came Mrs Hannah, with the house-maid and cordials.

Hannah stooped, in haste, and applied hartshorn to the nose of the woman, who appeared wholly insensible. After some time, her bosom heaved with a long-rising and subsiding sigh, and her eyes feebly opened, and immediately closed again. Then Hannah and the house-maid, raising

her gently between them, got a little of the cordial into her mouth, and bending her backward, they observed that she swallowed it. Then James, Frank, Andrew, and the house-maid, joining their forces, lifted her up, and bore her, as easy as possible, toward the house; while Harry caught up her infant, as a pismire does its favourite embryo in a time of distress, in order to lodge it in a place of protection and safety.

In the mean time, Mr Fenton and Mrs Hannah put their hartshorn, with great tenderness, to the nostrils of the stranger, and requested him to take a sip of the cordial; but he, turning up his dim, though expressive eyes, feebly cried, Are you a man or an angel? and directly fainted away.

They rubbed his temples with the spirits, and did their utmost to recover him; but a sudden gust of grateful passion had proved too strong for his constitution. On the return of the servants he was also carried in. A physician was instantly sent for, beds were provided and warmed in haste; the new guests were all gently undrest and laid therein; and being compelled to swallow a little sack-whey, they recovered to a kind of languid sensibility.

The physician gave it, as his opinion, that this unhappy family were reduced to their present state, by excess of grief and famine; that nourishment should be administered in very small proportions; and, that they should be kept as quiet as possible, for a fortnight at least.

While all imaginable care is taking for the recovery of these poor people, we beg leave to return to the affairs of their protectors.

FRIEND. A plague upon your return! This is just like a man in whose company I once travelled; we were advanced on our journey, in a fair and happy road, when he took it into his head to ride back again, in search of an old glove. Here you have raised my curiosity to the highest, and equally distressed me in favour of this unhappy family, when, in the instant, you fly off from the satisfaction expected. But here also, I presume, you are upon honour; you are intrusted with secrets, and would not for the world betray them to your readers.

AUTHOR. Sir, you never were more mistaken. I know nothing at all of these people's affairs. As soon as they are able,

they will speak for themselves. I know of no advantage that they can get by their silence, whatever they may derive from your compassion and generosity by telling their case. But the doctor for the present will not permit them.—Proceed, my friend, I pray you. Your patience will have but a very short trial.

C H A P. VI.

ABOUT a month before this, Mr Fenton had engaged one Mr Vindeux, the schoolmaster of the town, to come for an hour every evening, and initiate the two boys in their Latin grammar: But he had a special caution given him, with respect to the generous disposition of our hero, which was said to be induced to do any thing by kindness, but to be hardened and roused into opposition by severity.

In about ten days after the late adventure, Mr Fenton was called to London, where he was detained about three weeks, in settling his books with his Dutch correspondents; and in calling in a very large arrears of interest, that was due to him upon his deposits in the funds.

During his absence, Mr Vindex began to assume a more expanded authority, and gave a freer scope to the surly terrors of his station.

Ned was, by nature, a very lively, but very petulant boy; and when Vindex reproved him with the imperial brow and voice of the Great Mogul, Ned cast upon him an eye of such significant contempt as no submissions or sufferings, on the part of the offender, could ever after compensate.

The next day, Mr Vindex returned doubly armed, with a monstrous bird-rod in one hand, and a ferule in the other. The first he hung up, *in terrorem*, as a meteor is said to hang in the heavens threatening future castigation to the children of men. The second he held, as determined upon present action; nor was he unmindful of any hook, whereon to hang a fault; so that, travelling from right to left and from left to right, he so warmed the hands of the unfortunate Edward, he ruined the funny œconomy of his countenance, and reduced him to a disagreeable partnership with the afflicted.

On the departure of Vindex, though Ned's drollery was dismayed, his resentment was, by no means, eradicated: the principle of Ned was wholly agreed

to the motto of a very noble escutcheon ;
 and *Nemo me impune lacessit*, was a max-
 im of whose impropriety not Saint An-
 thony himself could persuade him.

All night he lay ruminating, and brood-
 ing on mischief in his imagination ; and,
 having formed the outlines of his plan to-
 ward morning, he began to chuckle, and
 comfort himself, and exult in the execu-
 tion. He then revealed his project to
 his bedfellow, Mr James, who was greatly
 tickled therewith, and promised to join
 in the plot.

Full against the portal that opened up-
 on the school-room, there stood an anti-
 quated and elevated chair, whose form was
 sufficiently expressive of its importance.
 Mr Vindex had selected this majestic piece
 of furniture, as alone suitable to the dig-
 nity of his exalted station : for he judi-
 ciously considered, that, if Thrones and
 benches were taken from among men,
 there would be an end of all dominion
 and justice upon earth.

Through the centre of the seat of this
 chair of authority, Ned got Mr James
 to drill a small hole, not discernible, ex-
 cept on a very minute scrutiny. He then
 provided a cylindrical stick, of about six
 inches in length, to one end of which he
 fastened a piece of lead, and in the other

end he fixed the head of a large needle. This needle had been a glover's, of approved metal, keen, and polished, and three-square toward the point, for a quick and ready penetration of tough leather. He next fastened two small cords, transversely, to the leaden extremity of the stick; and James assisting, they turned the chair with the bottom upwards, and tacked the four ends of the cords in such a manner, as answered to the four cardinal points of the compass; while the stick remained suspended in an upright direction, with the point of the needle just so far through the drill, as put it upon a level with the surface of the seat. Lastly, they fastened a long and well-waxed thread about the middle of the stick, and, drawing this thread over the upper ring, they dropped the end of it just under Ned's stool, and replaced the seat of learning in its former position.

Greatly did Ned parade it, when, on trial, he found that his machine answered to a miracle; for, the stick being restrained from any motion, save that in a direction to the zenith, on the slightest twitch of the thread, the needle instantly mounted four sixths of two inches above the surface of the seat, and was as quickly recalled by the revulsion of the lead.

At the appointed hour of magisterial approach, in comes Mr Vindex. Master Harry and Ned are called. Each seizes his book, and takes his seat as usual in a line, nearly diagonal to the right and left corner of the chair of authority. Mr Vindex assumes the throne. But scarce was he down, when Ned gives the pre-meditated intimation to his piercer, and up bounces Vindex, and gives two or three capers, as though he had been suddenly stung by a tarantula. He stares wildly about, puts his hand behind him with a touch of tender condolance, returns to the chair, peers all over it with eyes of the most prying inspection, but, not trusting to the testimony of his ocular sense, in a case that so very feelingly refuted its evidence, he moved his fingers over and over every part of the surface, but found all smooth and fair, in spite of the late sensible demonstration to the contrary.

Down again, with slow caution, subsided Mr Vindex, reconnoitring the premises to the right hand and to the left.

As his temper was not now in the most dulcet disposition, he first looked sternly at Ned, and then turning toward Harry, with an eye that sought occasion for present quarrel, he questioned him,

morosely, on some articles of his lesson: when Ned, not enduring such an indignity to the patron of his life and fortunes, gave a second twitch, with better will, and much more lively than the first; and up again sprung Vindex, with redoubled vigour and action, and bounded, plunged, and pranced about the room, as bewitched. He glared, and searched all about with a frantic penetration, and pored into every corner for the visible or invisible perpetrators of these mischiefs. He now began to imagine that some devil wanted a pincushion, and proposed no other for the purpose than his capacious material.

In this thought he retreated to the next chamber, stripped off his clothes, his shoes, and breeches, and, to know whether a lodgment had been duly made, he groped for the heads of the supposed weapons. He next searched his breeches, and every skirt and posterior fold of coat and waistcoat. But finding the coasts clear of any ensigns of hostility, he writhed and twisted his head and eyes to this side and to that, to discern, if possible, the devastations that had been made in the field of honour; when, hearing a little titter in the neighbouring school-room, he began to smell a fox; and dressing him-

self again, with a malignant determination of better note for the future, he returned with a countenance of dissembled placability, and, resuming his chair, began to examine the boys, with a voice apparently tuned by good-temper and affection.

During this short serene, poor Ned happened to make a little trip in his rudiments; when Vindex turned, and cried to our hero, Master Harry, my dear, be so kind as to get up and reach me your ferule.

These words had not fully passed the lips of the luckless preceptor, when Ned plucked the string with his utmost force, and Vindex thought himself, at least, impaled on the spot. Up he shot, once more, like a sudden pyramid of flame. The ground could no longer retain him, he soared aloft, roared, raved, cursed, and swore, like a thousand infernals. While Ned, with an aspect of the most condoling hypocrisy, and words broke by a tone of mourning, tenderly inquired of his ailments.

Vindex turned upon him an eye of jealous malignity, and taking a sudden thought, he flew to the scene of his repeated infliction, and turning up the bottom of the seat of pain, this complicated

effort of extraordinary genius lay revealed and exposed to vulgar contemplation.

He first examined minutely into the parts and construction of this wonderful machinery, whose efficacy he still so feelingly recollected. He then drew the string, and admired, with what a piercing agility the needle could be actuated by so distant a hand. And lastly, and deliberately, he tore away, piece by piece, the whole composition, as his rascally brethren the Turks have also done, in their antipathy to all the monuments of arts, genius, and learning, throughout the earth.

In the mean while, our friend Edward sat trembling and frying in his skin. All his drollery had forsaken him; nor had he a single cast of contrivance, for evading the mountain of mischiefs that he saw impending. How indeed could he palliate? what had he to hope or plead in mitigation of the penalty? where, in the party so highly offended, he saw his judge and his executioner.

Mr Vindex had now the ball wholly at his own foot; and that Ned was ever to have his turn again, was a matter no way promised by present appearances.

Vindex, at length, looked smilingly about him, with much fun in his face, but more vengeance at his heart. Mr Ed-

ward, said he, perhaps you are not yet apprized of the justice of the Jewish laws, that claim an eye for an eye, and a breech for a breech; but I, my child, will fully instruct you in the fitness and propriety of them.

Then, reaching at the rod, he seized his shrinking pray, as a kite trusses a robin; he laid him, like a little sack, across his own stool; off go the breeches; and with the left hand he holds him down, while the right is laid at him with the application of a woodman, who resolves to clear part of the forest before noon.

Harry, who was no way privy to the machination of the needle, now approached, and interposed in behalf of his unhappy servant. He petitioned, he kneeled, he wept; but his prayers and tears were cast to the winds and the rocks, till Vindex had reduced the posteriors of poor Ned, to a plight little different from those of Saint Bartholomew.

Mr Vindex justly deemed that he had now given a lesson of such ample instruction, as might dispense with his presence for some days at least.

In the mean time, the scalping of Ned's bottom held him confined to his bed, where he had full time and leisure to con-

trive, with one end, a just and worthy retribution for the sufferings of the other.

Harry went often to sit and condole with Ned, in this the season of his calamity; and, as he had now conceived a strong aversion to the pedagogue, on account of his barbarity, he offered to assist his friend in any measures deemed adequate to the stripes and injuries he had received.

The house of Mr Vindex was a large and old-fashioned building, with a steep flight of stone-stairs, and a spacious landing place before the door. Ned was again on his legs: the night was excessive dark, and the family of the preceptor had just finished an early supper.

About this time a gentle rapping was heard; and a servant opening the door, looked this way, and that way, and called out repeatedly to know who was there; but no voice replying, he retired and shut all to again. Scarce was he re-entered when he hears rap, rap, rap, rap. The fellow's anger was now kindled, and, opening the door suddenly, he bounced out at once, in order to seize the runaway; but, seeing no creature, he began to feel a coming chilness, and his hairs to stir, as though each had got the life of an eel. Back he slunk, closed the door with the

greatest tenderneſs, and crept down to reveal a ſcantling of his fears to his fellows in the kitchen.

Now, though men and maids laughed heartily at the apprehenſions of Hodge, yet they reſented this inſult on their houſe, as they called it; and, getting all up together in a group, they ſlily crouded behind the door, with the latch in one of their hands, ready to iſſue, in an inſtant, and detect the delinquents

They were not ſuffered to freeze. Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. Open lies the door, and out ruſh the ſervants. Nothing appeared. They all ſtood ſilent, and aſtoniſhed beyond meaſure. Some, however, with outward bravade, but inward tremblings, went ſearching along the walls and behind the poſts for ſome lurcher. Again they gathered to the landing-place, and ſtood whiſperingly debating what this might be: when, to the inexpressible terror and diſcomfiture of all preſent, the ſpontaneous knocker aſſumed ſudden life and motion, and gave ſuch a peal and alarm to their eyes and ears, as put every ſenſe and reſolution to the rout; and in they ruſhed again, one on the back of the other, and clapped to the door, as in the face of an hoſt of purſuing dæmons.

Mr Vindex and his lady, for some time past, had been sitting opposite, and nodding over a fire in the back-parlour, where they returned each other's salute, with the greatest good manners and punctuality imaginable. He now started, on hearing the rustling in the hall, and angrily called to know what was the matter.

Vindex, from the prejudice of education during his infancy, had conceived the utmost spite to all spectres and hobgoblins, insomuch that he wished to deprive them of their very existence, and laboured to persuade himself, as well as others, of their non-entity; but faith proved too strong within him, for all his verbal parade of avowed infidelity.

While the servants, with pale faces and short breath made their relation, the magisterial philosopher did so sneer, and contemptuously toss that way and t'other, and throw himself back in such affecting fits of laughter, as nothing could be like it till bouncing at the sound of another peal, he mustered the whole family, boarders and all, to about seventeen in number, together with madam Vindex, who would not be left sole: and now they appeared such an army as was sufficient to face any single devil, at least; and forth

they issued, and filled the landing-place, leaving the door on the jar.

Here Mr Vindex turned, and, with his face toward the knocker, thus addressed the assembly :

My honest, but simple friends, quoth he, can any thing persuade you, that a spirit, or ghost, as ye call it, a breath, or being of air, a something or nothing, that is neither tangible, nor visible, can lay hold of that which is ? Or are ye such idiots as to imagine, that yon knocker, (for he did not yet venture to touch it) a substance of solid and molten brass, without members or organs, or any internal system or apparatus for the purpose, can yet be endued with will, design, or any kind of intelligence, when the least locomotive faculty, in the meanest reptile, must, of necessity, be provided with an infinitely varied mechanism of nerves, tubes, reservoirs, levers, and pulleys for the purpose. I should discredit my own senses in any appearance contrary to such palpable demonstration. In all lights—Soft—break we off—look where it comes again!—For, in this instant of affirmation, so pre-emptory and conclusive, the knocker, in contempt and bitter despatch to philosophy, so loudly refuted every syllable of the premises, as left neither time nor

inclination to Vindex, for a reply; but rushing desperately forward, he burst at the portal, with such as had presence of mind to take advantage of the opening; and turning again, and shutting the door violently in the face of half his family, he ran and threw himself into his chair, in an agony of spirits.

The servants and boarders, whom Vindex had shut out, not abiding to stay in the presence of the object of their terror, tumbled in a heap, down the stairs, and gathering themselves up again, ran desperately to communicate to all their neighbours and acquaintance the tidings of the enchanted knocker. Their contagious looks and words gave the panic throughout; but curiosity prevailing above apprehension, the town began to gather though first in thin parties, and at a cautious distance; till the crowd increasing took heart and resolution from numbers, and venturing up a step or two of the stairs, and being still pressed and urged forward by new comers from behind, they at length filled the whole flight and the landing-place, and one of them growing bold enough to lift his hand toward the knocker, the knocker generously convinced him that no assistance was wanting. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap.

Rap, rap, rap, rap. Back recoil the foremost ranks, casting off and tumbling over the ranks behind. No one staid to give help or hand to friend or brother; but, sliding or scrambling off on all fours, each made the best of his way to the first asylum; and, in less than ten seconds, there was not a mouse stirring throughout the street.

If I had the ill-nature of such authors who love to puzzle, I also might leave the foregoing ænigma to be solved, or rather made more implicit, in such ways as philosophy might happen to account for; but, in compassion to the pains of a labouring imagination, I chuse to deliver my reader, with all possible ease and dispatch.

The fact is, that these astonishing and tremendous phenomena, that discomfited little city, alarmed the country round, and resuscitated the stories and legends of the old women of all the parishes from Wiltshire to London, were the whole and sole contrivance of our hero's petulant founding, during a nightly lucubration.

Ned had accordingly imparted his plan of operations to Harry, and Harry had engaged Mrs Hannah in the plot.

Now, Mrs Hannah had a house in a narrow part of the street, just opposite to

that of Mr Vindex, where her niece and an old servant resided. This house was narrow, but of the height of four stories; and, on the said memorable night, Ned dropped the end of a bottom of small twine from the garret-window, which Hannah took across the way, and fastened with a double knot, to the knocker of Vindex's door. And now it is twenty to one, that if Vindex's family and the rest of the neighbourhood had been even thus far let into the secret, they would not have been altogether so much alarmed at the consequences.

I have read of Generals who could gain but not maintain conquests: and of women who could keep all secrets but their own. Thus it happened to Ned. His vanity was, at least, on a level with his ingenuity; he was so elated with the success of his recent stratagem, that he boasted of it to some, and half-whispered it to others, till it came to the ears of the much exasperated Vindex. Vindex, in the first heat and very boil of his passions, snatched up a huge rod, just cut from that tree whose bare name strikes terror through all our seminaries of learning, and taking with him one of his boarders, he marched directly down to the house of Mr Fenton

and thus formidably armed, he enters the fatal school-room.

Ned, by great good fortune for himself, was then absent : but our hero happening to be there, Vindex instantly shut the door, and called him to task.

Master Harry, says he, did you know any thing of the strange knocking at my door last Tuesday night ? To this question, Harry, who was too valiant to be tempted to tell a lie through fear, without hesitation answered in the affirmative. You did, sirrah, replied the pedagogue ; and have you the impudence also, to confess it to my face ? Here, Jacky, down with his breeches, and horse him, for me directly.

Jack was a lusty lubberly boy, about ten years of age, and stooping to unbutton Harry, according to order, our hero gave him such a sudden fit in the mouth, as dashed in two of his teeth, that then happened to be moulting, and set him a-weeping and bleeding in a piteous manner. Vindex then rose in ten-fold fury, and took our hero in hands himself ; and, notwithstanding that he cuffed and kicked, and fought it most manfully, Vindex, at length, unbuttoned his breeches, and set him, in due form, on the back of his boarder.

The pedagogue, at first, gave him the three accustomed strokes, as hard as he could draw. So much, my friend, says he, is for your own share of the burden; and now tell me, who were your confederates and abettors in this fine plot? 'That I will never tell you, deliberately and resolutely answered our hero. What, shall I be bullied and out-braved, replied the frantick savage, by such a one as you? You little stubborn villain, I will flea you alive, I will carbonade you on the spot. So saying, he laid at him, as though he had been a sheaf of wheat; while Harry, indignantly, endured the torture, and, holding in his breath, that he might not give Vindex the satisfaction of a groan, he determined to perish rather than betray.

In the mean time, Ned had peeped in at the key-hole, and spying the situation and plight of his loved patron, he ran to Mrs Hannah, and imparted the horrid tidings. Hannah rose, with all the wrath of Tisiphone in her countenance, and, flying to the school-room, she rushed violently against the door, burst it open in a twinkling, and springing forward, fastened every nail she had in the face and eyes of Vindex, and tore away and cursed at a fearful rate. Jack, at this period, had let his rider to the ground; when Harry

catching at a sword that hung against a wainscot, whipt it down, and drawing it from the sheath as quick as lightning, he sprung at Vindex, in order to run him through the body; but, happily, not having had the patience to put up his breeches, they trammelled him in his advance, and he fell prostrate with the sword in his hand, which reached the leg of the pedagogue, and gave him a slight wound, just as he was endeavouring to make his way through the door. Jack had already made his escape, and the mauled preceptor scampered after, with his ears much better warmed, and his temper better cooled, than when he entered.

Harry bore his misfortune with a fort of sullen though shamefaced philosophy. But every other member of this honourable family almost adored him for the bloody proof that he had given of his virtue; and vowed unpitying vengeance on the ungenerous Vindex.

During the above transactions, the strangers whom Mr Fenton had received into his house, had been tended with great humanity, and were now on the recovery.

Mr James, on conversing with the head of this little family, observed that he was an exceeding sensible person, and had

provided him with a decent, though cast suit of his master's; and had also, with the assistance of Mrs Hannah, put his wife and little boy into clean and seemly apparel.

As James's invention was on the rack to get adequate satisfaction on the base-spirited Vindex, he went to consult his new friend, who dropped a tear of generosity and admiration, on hearing the story of Harry's heroism and nobility of soul.

By his advice, Mr James dispatched a messenger to a druggist at London, and to several other shops, for sundry apparatus; and having all things in readiness, and, Harry being now able to bear a part in the play, James sent a strange porter to Vindex, with compliments from his master, as though he were just come home, and requested to speak with him.

Vindex accordingly comes and knocks. The door opens, he enters, and it instantly shuts upon him. He starts back with horror, as at the sight of Medusa. He perceives the hall all in black, without a single ray, save what proceeded from a sickly lamp, that made the gloom visible. He is suddenly seized upon by two robust devils covered over with painted flames. They drag him to the school-room; but O terror of terrors! he knows the place of

his pristine authority no more. He beholds a hell more fearful than his fancy had yet framed. The ceiling seemed to be vaulted with serpents, harpies, and hydras, that dropt livid fire. On one side ran Phlegeton, in waves of burning sulphur. And here, the Tisiphone, Mægara, and Alesto of the heathens, appeared to contend for frightfulness with Milton's Death and Sin. Four fiends, and two little imps, at once laid their fangs upon him, and would have dragged him to the ground: but the pedagogue was a sturdy athletic fellow, and cuffed, and scratched, and roared it out most manfully. The devil, however, proving too strong for the sinner, he was cast prostrate to the earth; and, being left, in retrospection, as bare as father Time, some sat upon his shoulders to keep him down, while others, on each side, alternately keeping time like the threshers of barley, gave our flogger such a scoring, as imprinted on his memory, to his last state of magistracy, a fellow-feeling for the sufferings of petty delinquents.

Being all out-breathed in turns, they remitted from their toil; and now appeared to be a set of the merriest devils that ever associated. They fastened the clothes of the disconsolate Vindex about his neck,

with his own garters; and having manacled his hands before him, they turned him loose to the street. While he, with a wonderfull presence of mind in the midst of his terrors, raised his hands, the best he could, to cover his face, and hurried homeward, judiciously recollecting, that forty-nine in fifty would have recognized the one end, who could not recognize the other, especially in the present pickle.

Within a few days after this adventure, Mr Fenton returned. At the first sight of one another, he and his Harry grew together for near half an hour. He then addressed every member of his family, one by one; and, with a familiar goodness, inquired after their several healths and concerns. He also asked after his late guests, and desired to see them; but on Mr James's intimation, that he had somewhat of consequence to impart to him, they retired to the next room.

Here James made him a minute recital of the preceding adventures; and set forth in due contrast, the baseness and barbarity of Vindex on the one part, and the unfailable worthiness of his Harry on the other; while the praise of this chosen of the old gentleman's foul funk, like the balm of Gilead, upon his wounded mind, and almost eradicated every memorial of

former grief, and planted a new spring of hope and joy in their room.

The table being spread for dinner, Mr Fenton sent to desire that the stranger and his little family should join company. They came, according to order; but entered, evidently overcome with a weight of shame and gratitude too grievous to be borne.

Mr Fenton saw their oppression, and felt the whole burden upon his own shoulders. He accordingly was interested and solicitous in the removal, which he effected with all that address of which his humanity had made him a finished master.

Through the enfoldings of the stranger's modesty, Mr Fenton discerned many things preceding the vulgar rank of men. Mr Clement, said he, I am astonished, beyond measure, that a person of letters, as you are, and who has so much of the gentleman in his person and manner, should yet be reduced to such extremity in a Christian country, and among a people distinguished for their humanity. There must be something very singular and extraordinary in your case: and this night, if you are at leisure, and that the recital is not disagreeable to you, you would oblige me by your story.

Sir, answered Mr Clement, since my life is yours, you have surely a right to an account of your property. Whenever you think proper, I will cheerfully obey you.

Mr Fenton now rose, and stepped into town, and calling upon a neighbour whom he took to the tavern, he sent for Mr Vindex, who came upon the summons.

Mr Vindex, says he, pray take your seat. I am sorry, Mr Vindex, for the treatment you have got in my house, and still sorrier that you got it so very deservedly,

I have long thought, Mr Vindex, that the method of school-masters, in the instruction of our children, is altogether the reverse of what it ought to be. They generally lay hold on the human constitution, as a pilot lays hold on the rudder of a ship, by the tail, by the single motive of fear alone.

Now, as fear has no concern with any thing but itself, it is the most confined, most malignant, and the basest, though the strongest of all passions.

The party, who is possessed with it, will listen to nothing but the dictates of his own terror, nor scruple any thing that may cover him from the evil apprehended. He will prevaricate and lie; if that lie is questioned, he will vouch it by perjury; and, if he happens to do an injury, he

will be tempted to commit murder to prevent the effects of resentment.

Fear never was a friend to the love of God or man, to duty or conscience, truth, probity, or honour. It therefore can never make a good subject, a good citizen, or a good soldier; and, least of all, a good Christian; except the devils, who believe and tremble, are to be accounted good Christians.

How very different is the lesson which our master CHRIST teacheth, who commandeth us, not to fear what man can do unto us; to smile at sickness and calamity; to rise superior to pain and death; and to regard nothing, but as it leads to the goal of that immortality, which his gospel has brought to light!

There is, Mr Vindex, but one occasion, wherein fear may be useful, in schools or commonwealths; and that is, when it is placed as a guard against evil, and appears, with its insignia of rods, ropes, and axes, to deter all, who behold, from approaching thereto.

But this, Mr Vindex, is far from being the sole occasion on which schoolmasters apply the motive of fear and castigation. They associate the ideas of pain to those lessons and virtues which the pleasure of encouragement ought alone to inculcate:

they, yet more frequently, apply the lash, for the indulgence of their own weaknesses, and for the gratification of the virulence of their own naughty passions: and I have seen a giant of a pedagogue, raving, raging, and foaming over a group of shrinking infants, like a kite over a crouching parcel of young turkeys.

There are, I admit, some parents and preceptors, who annex other motives to that of the rod: they promise money, gaudy clothes, and sweet-meats, to children; and in their manner of expatiating on the use and value of such articles, they often excite, in their little minds, the appetites of avarice, of vanity, and sensuality: they also sometimes add the motive of what they call emulation, but which in fact, is rank envy, by telling one boy how much happier, or richer, or finer another is, than himself.

Now, though envy and emulation are often confounded, in terms, there are no two things more different, both in respect to their object, and in respect to their operation: the object of envy is the person, and not the excellence, of any one; but the object of emulation is excellence alone; as when CHRIST, exciting us to be emulous of the excellence of God himself, bids us be perfect, as our Father which

in heaven is perfect: the operation of gravity is to pull others down; but the act of emulation is to exalt ourselves to some eminence or height proposed: the eyes of envy are sore and sickly, and hate to look at the light; but emulation has the eye of an eagle, and soars, while it gazes in the face of the sun.

Were tutors half as solicitous, throughout their academies, to make men of worth, as to make men of letters, there are a hundred pretty artifices, very obvious to be contrived and practised for the purpose. They might institute Caps of Shame, and Wreaths of Honour in their schools: they might have little medals, expressive of particular virtues, to be fixed on the breast of the achiever, till forfeited by default: and on the report of any boy's having performed a signal action of good nature, friendship, gratitude, generosity, or honour, a place of eminence might be appointed for him to sit on, while all the rest of the school should bow, in deference, as they passed. Such arts, as these, I say, with that distinguishing affection and approbation, which all persons ought to shew to children of merit, would soon make a new nation of infants, and, consequently, of men.

When you, Mr Vindex, iniquitously took upon you to chastise my most noble and most incomparable boy, you first whipt him for his gallant and generous avowal of the truth; and next, you barbarously fled him, because he refused to betray those who had confided in his integrity.

When I behold so many scoundrels walking openly throughout the land, who are styled your Honour and your Honour; and who impudently usurp the most exalted of all characters, the character of a gentleman, I no longer wonder, when I reflect that they have been principled, or rather unprincipled, by such tutors as Mr Vindex.

The merry devils, Mr Vindex, who took you in hand, were not of a species so alienated from humanity, as you might imagine: they have, therefore, appointed me their vehicle of some smart-money in recompence, but desire no further advantage from your company or instructions.

So saying, Mr Fenton put a purse of five-and-twenty guineas into the hands of the preceptor, and withdrew without speaking another word.

FRIEND. Upon my credit, this Mr Fenton—I long to know something more of him—he is a sensible kind of a man, and has given us some very valuable hints upon education. But, may I be so free with you as to drop some general remarks upon the whole of what I have read?

AUTHOR. Free, Sir!—by all means—as free as you please, to be sure:—Believe me, you cannot do me a greater favour.

FR. Why, there's the plague on't now,—you begin to kindle already.—Ah, were you authors to know the thousandth part of the liberties that are taken behind your backs, you would learn to bear, with more humility, a gentle admonition, tho' uttered to your faces.—Few indeed have the generosity, or even humanity, to intimate what they themselves think, or what the world speaks of you. We are seldom over-forward to say any thing that might give displeasure to others, because we like that others should be pleased with ourselves; but, in your absence, we pay ourselves largely for our taciturnity in your presence; and I have often been in company, where the intimates and confidants of your authors, have depreciated and ridiculed the very same passages,

which they applauded with cries and claps in their closets. The world, my friend, has substituted good manners in the place of good nature ; whoever conforms to the former is dispensed with from any observance of the latter. Shall I add, (for the misfortune of you authors,) that there is a set of men, who, at once dispense with common manners and common humanity. They go under the name of critics : and must be men of wealth, that the deference paid to fortune may give a sort of stamp and currency to the dross of their erudition. In the strictest sense, indeed, they may be called Men of Letters ; their study as well as capacity being nearly confined to a just or orthographical disposition of the alphabet. Their business is to reconnoitre the outworks of genius, as they have no key to the gates of nature or sentiment. They snuff faults from afar, as crows scent carrion, and delight to pick, and to prey, and to dwell upon them. They enter, like wasps, upon the gardens of literature, not to relish any fragrance or select any sweets, but to pamper their malevolence with every thing that favours of rankness or offence. Happily for them, their sagacity does not tend to the discovery of merit ; in such a case, a work of genius would give them

the spleen for a month, or possibly depress their spirits beyond recovery.

To these high and dreaded lords justiciaries, the critics, authors deemed it incumbent to submit the products of their lucubrations; not in the prospect of any advantage from their advice or animadversions, neither in the hopes of acquiring their friendship or patronage, but merely to sooth and deprecate the effects of their malignity. Accordingly, I have been present when some of these dictators have been presented with a manuscript, as with an humble petition; they have thereupon assumed the chair, as a judge assumes the bench, when a criminal is called before him, not in order to trial or hearing, but to sentence and condemnation. To what scenes of mortification have I been witness on such occasions! to what a state of abatement, of abasement, of annihilation, have these entertainers of the public been depressed!—‘I am sorry, Sir, to tell you, that this will not do,—a few attempts here and there, but that will not compensate;—here again, how injudicious, absurd, unpardonable!—Lord, Sir, you should have considered, that when a man sits down to write for the public, the least compliment they expect from him is, that he should think.

‘ Here, my friend, I have seen enough; I cannot affront my judgment so much as either to recommend or patronize your performance; all I can do for you is, to be silent on the subject, and permit fools to approve who have not sense to discern.’——Thus do these critics paramount with the delicacy and compassion of the tortures of the Inquisition, search out all the seats of sensibility and self-complacence, in order to sting with the more quick and killing poignancy.

Now, my dear friend, as you have not applied for the favour of these established arbitrators of genius and literature, you are not to expect the least mercy from them; and I am also free to tell you, that I know of no writer who lies more open to their attacks. You are excessively incorrect; your works, on the one hand, have not the least appearances of the *Lime labor*; nor, on the other, have they that ease which ought to attend the haste with which they seem to be written. Again, you are extremely unequal and disproportioned; one moment you soar where no eye can see, and strait descend with rapidity to creep in the vulgar phrase of chambermaids and children. Then you are so desultory that we know not where to have you; you no sooner interest us in

one subject, that you drag us, however reluctant, to another. In short, I doubt whether you laid any kind of plan before you set about the building; but we shall see how your fortuitous concourse of atoms will turn out.

AUT. Do I want nature?

FR. No.

AUT. Do I want spirit?

FR. Rather too much of fire, at times.

AUT. Do I want sentiment?

FR. Not altogether.

AUT. Then, Sir, I shall be read, and read again, in despite of my own defects, and of all that you and your critics can say or do against me. The truth is, that the critics are very far from being bugbears to me; they have always proved my friends, my best benefactors; they were the first who writ me into any kind of reputation; and I am more beholden to their invectives, than I am to my own genius, for any little name I may have got in the world; all I have to fear is, that they are already tired of railing, and may not deem me worth their further notice. —But pray, my good Sir, if you desire that I should profit by your admonitions, ought you not to give me instances of the faults with which you reproach me?

FR. That would be time and labour altogether thrown away, as I have not the smallest hope of bringing you to confession. You are a Disputant, a Casuist, by your education; you are equally studied and practised in turning any thing into nothing, or bringing all things thereout. But do not flatter yourself that I have yet given you the detail of half your faults; you are often paradoxical, and extremely peremptory and desperate in your assertions. In this very last page you affirm that the character of a gentleman is the most reverable, the highest of all characters.

AUT. I did, Sir, I do affirm it, and will make it good.

FR. I knew it, Sir, I knew it; but do not chuse, at present, to enter into the discussion. At the next pause I shall willingly hear you on this question.

C H A P. VII.

ON his return he ordered a fire and a bottle of wine into his study, and sent for Mr Clement. Mr Clement, says he, sit down. I assure you, Mr Clement, I am inclined to think very well of you. But, pray let me have the narrative of

your life and manners, without disguise. An ingenuous confession, and sense of past errors, has something in it, to me, full as amiable, or more, than if a man had never strayed.

Sir, says Mr Clement, I have, indeed, been faulty, very faulty, in my intentions; tho' God has hitherto preserved me from any very capital act, and has, by your hand, wonderfully brought me to this day.

History of the Man of Letters.

BARTholomew Clement, Sir, a retailer of hard-ware, in the Strand, is my father. He was low bred, and, as I believe, of narrow capacity; but proceeding in what they call the dog-trot of life, and having a single eye to the making of money, he became vastly rich, and has now a large income from houses and ground-rents in the city of Westminster, the fruits and acquisition of his own application.

I remember nothing of my mother, except her fondness for me; nor of her character; except the tears that I have seen my father shed, when occasional circumstances have brought her fresh to his memory. She died when I was in my seventh year. I was their only surviving

child, and my father transferred all his tendernefs for her to me.

The love of my father was not the mere partiality or prejudice of a parent ; it was not an affection ; he had a paffion for me, that could be equalled by nothing but his vanity in my behalf. He refolved, he faid, that there fhould be one gentleman in the family, and, with this view, he refifted his defire of having me always in his fight, and fent me to Weftminfter-fchool, and from thence to Cambridge, where I continued till I was twenty years of age, without any thing happening that was uncommon, or deferving of your attention.

In the mean time, my father was as prodigal of his purfe towards me, as he was of his careffes. He had me with him every vacation. He vifited me frequently during term, and feemed to lofe the better half of his exiftence when we parted.

He had infufed into me a ftrong tincture of his own vanity and views. I loft even a portion of that tendernefs and refpect which I had felt in his regard. He was a trader, a mechanic ; I fighed for his reptile ftate ; and I looked down upon him, as Icarus did on that very father from whom he had derived wings for fo exalted a flight.

My application, accordingly, was equal to my ambition. I was not merely a master, I was a critic in the classical languages. I relished, and commented on the beauties of the Greek and Latin authors; was a thorough connoisseur in the customs and manners of the ancients; and could detect the slightest transgression of a sculptor or designer, in their folding of the Roman Toga. I also had the honour to be intimate with all the great of antiquity; I frequently sat in synod, with the whole posse of heathen gods, on Olympus; and I kept them, as I imagined, in a kind of dependence, by my perfect knowledge of all their secret lapses and mistreadings. I had traced the system of nature, from Aristotle and Pythagoras down to Epicurus and Lucretius; and from them down to Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; and I was so thorough-paced an adept in all the subtleties of logic, that I could confute and change sides, without losing an inch of the ground that I had gained upon my adversary.

I now imagined that I was arrived at the very pinnacle of human excellence, and that fortune and honour were within my grasp on either hand. I looked on the Chancellorship, or Primacy, as things that must come in course, and I was

contriving some station more adequate to the height of my merits and ambition, when I received this letter.

‘ SON HAMMEL,

‘ HAVE lately inquired into thy life and character; am sorry to find them too bad to give hope of amendment. Have lost my money, and my child. Thou hast cut thyself from my love: I have cut thee from my fortune. To comfort myself, have taken a neighbour’s widow to wife. Come not near me, I will not see thee. Would pray for thee if I did not think it in vain.

‘ BARTHOLOMEW CLEMENT.’

For some time after the receipt of this cruel letter, I remained in a state of stupidity. I could not believe the testimony of my senses. I gave a kind of discredit to all things. But, awaking from this lethargy into inexpressible anguish, my soul was rent by different and contending passions.

Whatever contempt I might have for the station of my father, I still loved his person better than riches and honours. But he loved me no more; he was gone, he was lost; he was already dead and buried, at least to me. I cast myself on the

ground, I groaned, I wept aloud, I bewailed him, as though he had lain a lifeless corpse before me. At length, having vented the first ravings of my passion, I rose and wrote to my father an answer, of which this, in my pocket-book, is the copy :

‘ SIR,

‘ IF you had not wished to find those faults you sent to seek after, in a life that defies malice and is wholly irreproachable, you would not have given credit to scoundrels, who cannot judge of the conduct of a gentleman; nor have condemned your only child, without hearing or defence.

‘ In cutting me from your fortune, you only cut me from what I despise; but in cutting me from your love, you have unjustly robbed me of what no fortune can repair. I see that you are irretrievably taken away from me; I shall never more behold my long-indulgent and fond father; and I shall not cease to lament his loss with tears of filial affection. But for this new father, whose heart could dictate so unnatural and inhuman a letter, I equally disclaim all commerce and concern with him. And, could it be possible that a person of my talents and abili-

' ties, should be reduced to indigence or
 ' distress, you, Sir, are the very last man
 ' upon earth, to whom I would apply,
 ' or from whom I would deign to accept
 ' relief.

' But if, on the other hand, it should
 ' please God, hereafter to visit your
 ' hard-heartedness with affliction and po-
 ' verty; and that I, like the son of the
 ' black-smith, in the days of our eighth
 ' Harry, should stand next the throne in
 ' dignity and honours; you will then
 ' find me desirous of making you all sorts
 ' of submissions, you will then find the
 ' dutifullest, the fondest, and tenderest
 ' of children, in,

S I R,

• Your little known, and much injured

• HAMMEL CLEMENT.

Having thus vented the gusts and feel-
 ings of my heart, I began, seriously, to
 think of the course I ought to take; and
 considered London as the sphere in which
 a luminary would appear with the great-
 est lustre.

I discharged my servant, sold my two
 geldings, disposed of my room, my fur-
 niture, and most of my books, and
 having mustered somewhat upward of
 three hundred and fifty pounds, I lodged

the 300*l.* with a Cambridge dealer, from whom I took bills on his correspondent in London; and set out, on my expedition, in the first stage.

I took cheap lodgings near Charing-Cross. I was altogether unknowing and unknown in that great city; and reflecting that a hidden treasure cannot be duly estimated, I daily frequented Markham's coffee-house, amidst a promiscuous resort of swordsmen, literati, beaux, and politicians.

Here, happening to distinguish myself, on a few occasions, where some articles of ancient history, or tenet of Thales, or law of Lycurgus, chanced to be in question, I began to be regarded with better advantage.

An elderly gentleman, one day, who sat attentive in a corner, got up and whispered that he would be glad of my company to take share of a pint in the next room. I gratefully obeyed the summons, and, when we had drunk a glass a-piece, Mr Clement, says he, you appear to have but few acquaintance, and may possibly want a friend. My fortune is small, but I have some influence in this town, and, as I have taken an inclination to you, I should be glad to serve you. If the question is not too free, pray what is your present dependence and prospect for life?

Having, with a grateful warmth, acknowledged his goodness to me, I ingenuously confessed, that my circumstances were very slender, and that I should be glad of any place wherein I could be useful to myself and my employer. And pray, says my friend, what place would best suit you? I hope, Sir, answered I, my education has been such, that, laying aside the manual crafts, there is not any thing for which I am not qualified. I am greatly pleased to hear it, replied Mr Goodville, and hope soon to bring you news that will not be disagreeable.

Within a few days, Mr Goodville again entered the coffee-house with a happy aspect. He beckoned me aside. Clement, says he, I have the pleasure to tell you, that I have brought you the choice of two very advantageous places. Mr Giles, the banker, wants a clerk who can write a fine hand, and has made some proficiency in arithmetic. And, my good friend Mr Tradewell, an eminent merchant, would give large encouragement to a youth who understands the Italian method of book-keeping, as his business is very extensive, and requires the shortest and clearest manner of entry and reference.

My friend here paused ; and I blushed, hung down my head, and was wholly confounded. At length I answered, hesitatingly, Perhaps, Sir, you have happened on the only two articles in the universe, (mechanics, as I said, apart) of which I have no knowledge. Well, well, my boy, says he, don't be discouraged ; I will try what further may be done in your behalf.

Within about a fortnight after, Mr Goodville sent me a note to attend him at his lodgings in Red-lion Square. I went, flushed with reviving hope. My child, said he, as I entered, I have now brought you the offer of three different places, and some one of them, as I trust, must surely fit you.

Our East-India Company propose to make a settlement on the coast of Coromandel, and are inquisitive after some youths who have made a progress in geometry, and are, more especially, studied in the science of fortification. There is also, the colonel of a regiment, an old intimate of mine, who is going on foreign service, and he, in truth applied to me, to recommend a person who was skilled in the mechanic powers, and more particularly, who had applied himself to gunnery and engineering. There is, lastly,

the second son of a nobleman to whom I have the honour to be known, he is captain of a man of war, and would give any consideration to a young man of sense and letters, who is a proficient in navigation and in the use of the charts and compass, and who, at the same time, might serve as a friend and companion.

Sir, said I, quite astonished, I have been a student, as Goliath was a man of war, from my childhood. If all my tutors did not flatter me, my genius was extensive, and my progress in learning may prove, that my application has been indefatigable. I know all things from the beginning of time, that the ancient or modern world, as I was told, accounted matters of valuable erudition or recognizance; and yet I have not so much as heard of the use or estimation of any of these sciences required, as you say, by persons in high trust and commission.

Mr Goodville hereupon looked concerned, and shook his head. My dear Clement, says he, I do not doubt your talents or learning; but I now begin to doubt whether they have been directed or applied to any useful purpose. My cousin Goodville informs me, that the bishop of St Asaph is in distress for a young gentleman, a man of morals and a linguist,

who has some knowledge in the canon and civil law, as his vicar-general is lately dead. He tells me further, that a gentleman, a friend of his, who is in great circumstances, and who is now about purchasing the place of surveyor-general, wants a youth who has got some little smattering in architecture, and has an elegant hand at the drawing of plans, and sections. I am also known to one of the commissioners of excise, and, if you are barely initiated in gauging, or surveying, I think I could get you into some way of bread.

Alas, Sir, I replied, in a desponding tone, I am equally a stranger to all these matters.

Perhaps, said Mr Goodville, I could get you into holy orders, if you are that way inclined. Are you well read in theology?

Yes, yes, Sir, I briskly answered; I am perfectly acquainted with the gods and manners of worship, through all nations since the deluge.

But are you, replied my friend, equally versed in the Christian dispensation? Have you studied our learned commentators on the creeds? Are you read in Polemic divinity? and, are you a master of

the sense and emblematical reference that the Old Testament bears to the New?

Sir, said I, I have often dipped, with pleasure, into the Bible, as there are many passages in it extremely affecting; and others full of fine imagery and the true sublime.

My poor dear child, (mournfully answered Mr Goodville,) by all I can find, you know no one thing, of use to yourself or any other person living, either with respect to this world or the world to come. Could you make a pin, or a waistcoat button, or form a pill-box, or weave a cabbage net, or shape a cobbler's last, or hew a block for a barber, or do any of those things by which millions daily maintain themselves, in supplying the wants and occasions, or fashions and vanities of others, you might not be under the necessity of perishing.

The ways of life, for which your studies have best prepared you, are physic and the law. But then they require great expence, and an intense application of many years to come, before you can propose to enter on a livelihood, by either of those professions. And, after all, your success would be very precarious, if you were not supported by many friends

and a strong interest, at least on your setting out.

I have already told you, Clement, that I am not rich ; and if I were, it is not he who gives you money, but he who puts you into a way of getting it, that does you a friendship.

I am advised to go to Montpellier for the establishment of my health, after a tedious fit of sickness that I had at Bath. I shall set out in about a month. But, before I go, my child, I earnestly wish, and advise you, to fix on some craft, or trade, or manner of employing your time, that will enable you to earn a certain subsistence, and, at the same time, make you a worthy member of the community. For, believe me, my boy, that it is not speculative science ; no, nor all the money and jewels upon earth, that make any part of the real wealth of this world. It is industry alone, employed on articles that are useful and beneficial to society, that constitutes the true riches of all mankind.

As soon as you have made your election, let me see you again. And, in all event, let me see you before I set out.

Hereupon I bowed and retired, the most mortified and dejected of all beings. I was so low and dispirited, that I could

scarce get to my lodgings. I threw myself on the bed. The gilding of the vapours of grandeur and ambition, that, like the sky of a summer's evening, had delighted my prospects, now wholly disappeared, and a night of succeeding darkness fell heavy on my soul.

One third of my principal fund was almost sunk; and my imagination considered the remainder as already vanished, without the possibility of supply or resource. I now secretly cursed the vanity of my father: he must breed me a gentleman, thought I, as though I had been born to no matter of end. Had I been the son of a cobbler, of a porter, an ostler, of the lowest wretch who wins his bread by the sweat of his brow, I should not yet have been reduced to the worst species of beggary, that of begging with sound limbs and a reasonable soul, the least pitied, though most pitiable object of the creation; for, surely, that is the case of a poor scholar and a poor gentleman!

For some following days, I went about prying and inquiring into the various and numberless occupations that maintained so many thousands of active hands and busy faces, throughout that wonderful city.

One evening, as I returned late, and fatigued through Cheapside, I observed a man very importunate with a woman who walked before me. Sometimes she would hurry on, and again make a full stop, and earnestly beseech him to go about his business; but, in spite of her intreaties, he still stuck close to her, till, coming to the end of a blind alley, he, suddenly, seized her by the arm, and pulled her in after him.

She shrieked out for help, with repeated vociferation; when, recollecting all my force, and drawing my sword, Villain, I cried out, quit the woman instantly, or you are a dead man. He perceived the glittering of the weapon, and retired a few paces; but, taking out a pocket pistol, he discharged it full at me, and ran off with precipitation.

The ball entered my cloathes and flesh, and lodged on the rotula of my left arm. I felt a short pang, but, not attending to it, I took the woman under the arm, and, returning with her to the street, I told her we had no time to lose, and desired to know where she lived. She answered, at the sign of the fan and ruffle, in Fleet-Street, where she kept a milliner's shop. We had not far to go; we made the best

of our speed, and were let in by a servant maid, who shewed us to a back parlour.

Jenny, said Mrs Graves, (that was her name) bring a glass and a bottle of the cordial wine. You look a little pale, Sir; I hope you are not hurt. Not much, I think, madam, but I feel a small pain in my left shoulder. Sir, here is my best service to you, with my blessings and prayers for you to the last hour of my life. You must drink it off, Sir, we both stand in need of it; this was a frightful affair. Jenny, where's Arabella? Within a few doors, madam, at the Miss Hodgkins's. Come, Sir, said Mrs Graves, I must look at your shoulder; then, opening the top of my waistcoat, she instantly screamed out, God preserve my deliverer! I fear he is wounded dangerously. Jenny, fly to Mr Weldon's, bring him with you immediately, do not come without him. Dearest, worthiest of men, let me press another glass upon you. It is necessary in such a waste of blood and spirits. Madam, I replied, the wound cannot be of consequence; but I was greatly fatigued, at the time I had the happiness to rescue you from that ruffian.

The surgeon soon came, and looking at my wound, said something apart to Mrs Graves, who, thereupon, ordered

Jenny to get a fire, and to make and warm the bed in the best chamber.

Sir, said I to Mr Weldon, do not alarm the gentlewoman. I am not of a fearful temper, and hope to bear my fortune like a man. Sir, said he, your wound has been made by a rifled ball, and it may cost you much pain to extract it. You must not think of stirring from hence, for the present. By the time your bed is ready, I will be back with the dressings.

During the surgeon's absence, Mrs Graves was all in tears; while I sat suspended between my natural fears of an approaching dissolution, and my hopes of being suddenly and lastingly provided for. The cruelty of my father, the disappointment and overthrow of all my elevated expectations, and my utter incapacity of being of the smallest use to myself or mankind, had given me a kind of loathing to life. I had not, indeed, attended to my duty as a Christian; but I was then innocent of any actual or intentional evil; and as my conscience did not condemn me, I looked to mercy with a kind of humble resignation.

Mr Weldon came with the dressings, his eldest apprentice, and a man-servant. I was then conducted to my chamber, and helped to bed, where I was put to

great anguish in the extraction of the ball; as the periosteum had been lacerated, and the lead, being flattened, extended much beyond the wound it had made.

Having passed a very painful and restless night, I remembered nothing further, till, at the expiration of one and twenty days, I seemed to awaken out of a long and uneasy dream.

I turned my head, and beheld, as I imagined, all arrayed in shining white, and at my bedside, an inhabitant of some superior region; for never till then had I seen, nor even conceived an idea of any form so lovely.

Tell me, said I, fair creature, on what world am I thrown? But instead of replying, it flew out of my apartment, and soon after returned, accompanied by Mrs Graves, whose hands and eyes were elevated, as in some extraordinary emotion.

Mrs Graves, said I, how do you do? I hope you are well. I now begin to conjecture whereabouts I am. But, neither did she answer; but, falling on her knees by my bed, and taking hold of my hand, I thank, I thank thee, O my God, she cried; and, bursting into tears, she wept and sobbed like an infant. Ah, Mrs Graves, said I, I fear that you have had a very troublesome guest of me. But, then,

says she, we remember that trouble no more, now that you are, once again, born into the world.

During the few succeeding days, in which I kept my bed, Mrs Graves and her fair niece Arabella, whom I had taken for a vision, constantly breakfasted and spent their evening in my apartment.

I gave them a short narrative of my foregoing history; and understood, on their part, that they were the sister and daughter of the late reverend Mr Graves of Putney, who had little more to bequeath than his books and furniture, amounting to above five hundred pounds, which they held in joint stock, and had hitherto rather increased than diminished.

As I scarce remembered my mother, and had now, as it were, no father, relation, nor friend upon earth, I felt a vacancy in my soul, somewhat like that of an empty stomach, desirous of seizing on the first food that should present itself to my cravings. Delightful sensibilities; sweet hungerings of nature after its kind! This good woman and her niece became all the world to me. The one had conceived, for me, all the passion of a parent; the other, that of the fondest and tenderest of sisters. On the other hand, I had, for Mrs Graves, all the feelings of a child

who conceives himself a part of the existence of her who bore him ; and my eyes and actions could not forbear to discover to Arabella, that my heart was that of the most affectionate of brothers, though too delicate to indulge itself in those familiar endearments which the nearest of kindred might venture to claim.

When I was up, and about the house, I requested Mrs Graves to make out her bill for my board, and for physician, surgeon, drugs, &c. during my long illness. Hereupon she looked eagerly and tenderly at me. Mr Clement, says she, I think you are too generous designedly to reproach us with what we owe you. But for what is it, my child, that you desire us to charge you ? Is it for rescuing me from death, or a shame worse than death ? probably, from both ? or, is it for delivering this my darling from the bitter grief and distress that my loss must have brought upon her ? or do you, rather, desire to pay us for the fearfull pains and sickness which you suffered on our account, and for having, nearly, forfeited your life in our defence ? No, Mr Clement, you must not think of paying us the very debts that we owe you ; more indeed, Mr Clement, than all our little for-

tune, than the product of the industry of our lives can ever repay.

Here I was silenced for the present, but in no degree convinced; and I felt, in a sort, the disgust of an injured person, uneasy and studious, till some revenge might be had.

In two days after, while Mrs Graves was at market, and Arabella gone, with a Brussels head and ruffles, to a young lady of distinction; I stepped into the shop, where Jenny waited the commands of those that should call. I had scarce entered, when a sheriff's officer appeared at the door, and, bolting in, laid an execution on the shop for eighty-five pounds odd shillings, at the suit of Mr Hardgrave, the cambric and lace-merchant.

I was, at first, surprised and grieved, but pleasure quickly succeeded to my concern on the occasion. I took out my pocket-book, immediately discharged the debt, with costs, and gave a crown to Jenny, on her solemn assurance that she would not betray a syllable of what had happened to her mistress or Arabella.

Soon after, this good gentlewoman and her niece returned, dinner was ordered up, and I sat down to table with a heart and countenance more easy and cheerful than ordinary.

Before the cloth was removed, Jenny came and delivered a note to her mistress. She read it over and over with apparent surprise and attention, asked if the messenger was waiting, and stepped to the door. Again she returned, sat down without speaking a word, and the muscles of her countenance being strongly affected, she could no longer retain her passion, and her tears burst forth.

What is the matter, cried Arabella, my aunt, my dear dear mother, my only friend and parent? and, breaking also into tears, she threw herself about her neck.

O, there is no bearing of this! exclaimed Mrs Graves. This young man, my Arabella, distresses us beyond expression. He has, this very day, my love, for the second time, snatched us from instant ruin. I would tell you, if I could speak; but read that note: Which she did accordingly.

The note was signed, Freestone Hardgrave, and imported, how sorry he was, that his late losses, by sea, had put him under the necessity of laying an execution on her house without customary notice.

That he was glad, however, she had so large a sum ready as 90*l*. the receipt of which he acknowledged; and hoped that

this affair would make no difference with respect to their future dealings.

And why, best and dearest of women, said I to Mrs Graves, why would you grieve that I should endeavour to relieve myself from a part of that burden, with which your goodness and obligations have so greatly oppressed me? O, that it were, that it were in my power, I cried! and my hands pressed each other with an involuntary ardour; but it never will, it never can be possible, for me, to prove the passion that my soul has for you, and—there I hesitated—to shew you, I say, the love that I have for you, Mrs Graves. You two make my world, and all that I am concerned for or desire therein.

Since that is the case, said Mrs Graves, with a smile and a tear that glistened together, if you will admit an equal passion, from one so old as I am, it were pity we should ever part. Send, my child, this very day, and discharge your former lodgings. The time that we spend together cannot be but happy. All cares are lessened by the society of those we love; and our satisfactions will be doubled by feeling for each other.

I did not, at that time, know the whole reason of the delight with which I accepted this generous invitation. I settled

at Mrs Graves's without any formal agreement, and all my little matters were directly brought home.

O how happy were many succeeding days! how still more happy, when contrasted with the misery that ensued! We spent all the time together that business and attention to the shop would permit; and we grudged every moment that was spent asunder. I related to them a thousand entertaining stories, and passages occasionally recollected from the poets and historians of antiquity; and a secret emotion, and inward ardour for pleasing, gave me, fluently, to intersperse sentimental observations and pertinent digressions, more delightful to my auditory than all my quoted authorities.

I was now daily gathering health and strength, to which the complacency of my mind greatly contributed; when, one evening, Mrs Graves returned, more dejected than ordinary. I inquired into the cause, with a solicitude and countenance that naturally expressed the interest I took in her concerns. Why, my dear child, says she, perhaps I have been both impertinent and indiscreet, but I meant all for the best. You must know, then, that I have been on a visit to your father. To my father, Madam? Even so. I would to

Heaven that he were worthy to be called father to such a son. But, as I was saying :

Your father, Mr Clement, is in great circumstances ; he keeps his coach, has taken a fine new house, and lives at a high rate. I sent in my name, with notice that I came to him on business of consequence. I was thereupon, shown to a back-parlour, where he sat, in company with Mrs Clement, and a lusty ill-looking young gentleman ; but your stepmother has a comely and good-humoured countenance ; she also appears to be far advanced in her pregnancy. Mrs Graves, said your father, take a seat. What are your commands with me, Madam ? I came, Sir, to let you know that your son, Mr Hammel Clement, the best of human beings, has been at the point of death. Have you nothing to say to me, Madam, but what concerns my son Hammel ? I have not, I confess, Sir, but that is more than enough ; it is very interesting and affecting, and concerns you most nearly. Here Mr Clement, for I will never more call him by the sacred name of father, here, I say, he started up, and catching at a book, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, I swear, by the virtue of this and all other holy books, that I will never listen to any

person who would speak a single word in behalf of Hammel Clement; and so, Mrs, give me leave to shew you the way out again. So saying, he caught my hand, and drew me to the door, while I turned and cried to your stepmother, O Madam, what sort of a heart is yours, that refuses its intercession on this occasion? But she gave me an eye and sneer, of such a mischievous meaning, as expressed the whole fiend under the guise of an angel. When Mr Clement had taken me to the outward door, I just turned, and said, I am sorry, Sir, that a man of your grave and sensible appearance, should suffer yourself to be so duped by people whose interest it is to deceive you. But swelling into choler, he gave me a violent push from him, and clapped to the door in face. So that, in short, my dear child, I fear I have done you harm, where I meant you true service.

It matters not, my mother, said I, (endeavouring to suppress a tear of tender resentment) I will soon, I trust, procure some kind of independence on that barbarian and his fortune; and while I have you and your Arabella, I shall want neither father nor friend.

Being now very nearly re-established in my health, I set out again, in search

after some employment that might suit me. As I was strolling on Tower-Hill, I observed a shop on my left hand ; it was that of Mr Wellcot, a bookseller and printer. I stepped in, and after some introductory discourse, I asked him if he had occasion, in the way of his business, for a friend of mine ; a gentleman in distress, but of parts and learning. Alas, Sir, cried Wellcot, such creatures as you mention are a drug upon earth ; there is a glut of them in all markets. I would give any one a broad piece *per* man who should deliver me from three or four of them, who lie heavy on my hands. Not, Sir, that they are greedy, or idle, in the least. I can get one of these gentlemen, as you are pleased to call them, on whose education more money has been expended, than at the common and legal interest, would maintain a decent family to the end of the world ; I can get one of them, I say, to labour, like an hackney horse, from morning to night, at less wages than I could hire a rascally porter, or shoe-boy, for three hours. I employ them, occasionally, in correcting the press, or folding, or stitching the sheets, or running of errands. But then, Sir, they have, all of them, aspects, of such a bilious despondence, that a man may, with less melan-

Choly, behold a death's head. And really, Sir, I could not stand it, if custom, as I may say, did not harden me by the perpetual vision of these spectres.

While Wellcot was speaking, I made a secret vow against having any kind of commerce or concern with booksellers or printers, for, at least, a century to come. But, fearing to be suspected as a party concerned, I affected an air as easy as possible; and observing some females who were busy in stitching pamphlets, I asked him if they contained any thing new or entertaining.

Sir, said Wellcot, this is an elaborate performance of the most eminent of our patriot writers; I pay him, at the lowest, five guineas weekly. And, could any man write, with double his spirit and genius, I could better afford to give that author a hundred. For good writings are like diamonds, that are valued according to their carats; do but double their weight, and they immediately become of twenty times the estimation.

This pamphlet consisted of a sheet, sewed in blue paper. I instantly paid my twopence, and sat down to peruse it. I found that it contained several very free remonstrances against his Majesty, and the Ministers, for joining with France in the war

against Holland, in opposition to the civil and religious interests of England; together with a few collateral digressions, in assertion of Magna Charta, of the freedom of man in general, and of Britian in particular. I perceived that it was written with much more judgement than genius. And what, said I to Wellcot, will you give to that man who shall, confessedly, excell this your most eminent of patriot writers, upon his own subject, and in his own way? Give, Sir! cried the bookseller, many thanks, and a proportionable increase of profits. Enough, Sir, I answered, you shall soon hear from me again. I wish you a good morrow.

On my return, I called at Mr Goodville's, but he had sailed for France about a fortnight before. I then went about to a number of pamphlet shops, and bought up all the political papers that had any reference to the matter in hand.

I sat down to my work, like a hungry man to his victuals; and I grudged my heart those short indulgencies which it enjoyed in the society of the two objects of its fondest affections.

Having finished my first paper in about a fortnight, I entitled it the WEEKLY MONITOR, and took it directly to Wellcot's. Here, Sir, said I, is my friend's

first venture. But has your friend, demanded Wellcot in a discouraging accent, sent the usual indemnity for the first impression of a young author? That shall not be wanting, I answered, if you require it, Mr Wellcot. Why, said he, I do not take upon me to be a judge in these matters; and yet custom has given me a shrewd sort of a guess. Come, Sir, I have a few minutes to throw away, and they are at your service.

He then sat down, and having read about a dozen lines, Ay, ay! says he, they don't always do thus at Newmarket; your friend, I find, has set out at the top of his speed. Going on something further, he cried, Well supported, by Jupiter! and then, proceeding to the third page, This, says he, must have been stolen from one of the ancients, because there is no modern who could write like it. Well, Sir, you need not give yourself further trouble for the present, I will print this first paper at my own suit. Desire your friend to be careful about the second. Call on me in a week, and I think I shall be able to tell you something that will please you.

How diligent is expectation, how elevated is hope! I returned with the feathers of Mercury at my heels. I set about my

second paper, with double genius and application. My ideas were more expanded, my spirits more sublimed. All the persuasives of Cicero; all the thunder of Demosthenes; all that I had read on the topic of liberty, in popular governments or commonwealths, occurred to my remembrance.

I finished my second essay within the week. I went with it to Wellcot, and he presented me, at sight, with twenty guineas. It is more, said he, than hitherto comes to your share; but I love to encourage, and I trust that, in the run, I shall not be a loser. I sell this pamphlet for only twopence. Nearly two-fourths thereof go to printing, paper, &c. another fourth I reserve as an equivalent for my application and knowledge in this way; and the remainder is a redundancy, which, on extraordinary tides, ought to flow to the writer. The demand for this paper has been very uncommon; and, by what I can judge, the sale may, in time, amount to twelve thousand. You need not, Sir, be ashamed to acknowledge yourself the author. Preserve but a moiety of the spirit of this Elijah, with which you have set out, and my own interests will instruct me to serve you effectually.

I now returned, as in a triumphal chariot. I never before received the prize, as I may say, of personal prowess. The fortune of my father, the fortune of all men living, who were merely born to fortune, diminished beneath me. O how sweet, said I to myself, how delicious are the fruits of a man's own plantation! Then, like the sagacious and independent spider, his labours will be crowned with personal honour and success, while he spins his subsistence from his proper bowels. It is then, and then only, that a man may be said to be the true proprietor of what he possesses; and the value is endeared, and the enjoyment doubled thereby.

I hastened to impart my transports to the two loved objects of all my cares and satisfactions. Jenny told me that her mistress was not at home, but that Miss Arabella was above in her closet. I ran up. I tapped at the door, but no one answered. Again I tapped, and added the soft voice of affection, requesting to be admitted. At length she opened, but looked pale, and with swollen and downcast eyes. I perceived she had been in tears, and a sudden frost fell upon all my delights. What is the matter, Miss, I cried, my sister, my sweet friend, my dearest Arabella?

and I gently took her hand between both of mine. I wish you had not come, at this time, Mr Clement, said she, coolly. But you must permit me to keep my little griefs to myself. Yes, I replied, if it is your pleasure to torture, to kill me outright, refuse me my portion in your interests and concerns. O, Mr Clement, says she, your soul is too generous, I dare not tell you. I feel what you would suffer, should you know that you are concerned in the cause of my tears. But we must part, Sir, indeed we must; we must part, Mr Clement, and that suddenly.

Here her voice failed, and, throwing herself into a chair, she burst out afresh into a gush of affliction——while I stood astonished; and, dropping beside her on one knee, awaited with unspeakable anguish the suspension of her grief.

At length perceiving my situation, Rise, Sir, she cried, I intreat you to rise and take a chair beside me, and I will tell you as fast as I can of this distressful business.

You must know that I was, a while ago, at the Miss Hodginfes. They are very friendly, and good young women, and told me, in confidence, though with much concern, of a whisper in the neigh-

bourhood, that my aunt had entertained a young gentleman in the house, who was admitted to such familiar and convenient intimacies, as could not, at all times, be without their consequence, especially between persons of our age and sex.

Now, Mr Clement, I am no way ashamed to confess that I have nothing in heaven but my innocence, nor on earth but my character; and I think you with me better, than to desire that I should forfeit the one or the other. Desire it! O heavens! I suddenly exclaimed, I will forever guard them both, to the last drop of my blood, and last breath of my life. Alas, cried Arabella, you are the man of all others, whom the world would not admit for my champion in this case; they are absolute judges; they ought to be obeyed; our parting will be painful, but it must be complied with.

But, my sister, my Arabella, most lovely and most beloved of all the human species! tell me, says I, my angel, is there no other way, no expedient to satisfy a misdeeming world, save a remedy that is worse than death itself? No, said she, with an air somewhat resolute and exalted, there is no other expedient; at least, no other to which I can consent. O, Miss Graves, answered I with a hasty dejection,

if that is the case, you shall be obeyed; I am, indeed, very unhappy, but I will not be importunate. Adieu, dearest of creatures, adieu, for ever! I spoke, and suddenly withdrew, and gave her, as I imagined, the last farewell look.

Hold, Sir, she cried, pray stay a moment. I should be wretched, beyond expression, if you went away in the greatest of all errors. But is it possible, you should think that I could mean any slight to you, Mr Clement? No, Sir, no, of all men living indeed, it was not possible. I spoke through an humble sense of my own demerits; my determination was just; I do not repent me of it. I—I—perhaps, Sir, I have not understood you—Indeed I scarce know what I say or mean, myself.—Of this however be assured, that I neither do, nor ever did, nor ever can, mean any offence to Mr Clement.

While she spoke I had kneeled before her. I took her hand and pressed it to my lips and bosom. My Arabella, said I, I confess that this was no premeditated motion of mine. Nay, this very morning, the world should not have prevailed with me to have accepted this hand, for which I now kneel. I was, then, poor and wretched, without resource; and I could not think of bringing distress upon—

her, independent of whose happiness I could have no enjoyment. I was sensible that I loved you, with infinite tenderness, with unspeakable ardour ; but my passion did not dare to admit of desire. I could have suffered all things to have heaped blessings upon you ; but I would not permit to my soul the distant, though dear wish, of being happy with you.—Ah, what posture is this ! exclaimed Arabella, Nay, you shall not stir, I cried, nor will I rise till you have heard me a few words. Since morning, I say, I have got room to hope, that my Arabella would not be so unhappy as I feared, in being united to me. I will not urge her, however. I leave her free, I leave her mistress of her own will and actions. But here I vow to Heaven, that whether she live or die, consent or not consent, I will never marry another. I am, from this moment, here wedded for eternity, the faithful and fond husband of her image and remembrance.

So saying, I rose and seated myself beside her. She looked astonished, and affected beyond the power of utterance. But, covering her face with a handkerchief, she gently leaned toward me, and shed a plenteous shower of tears upon my bosom.

When Mrs Graves returned, I told her of my extraordinary success at the book-feller's. I had, before, made her the treasurer of my little possessions, and I poured my twenty pieces into her lap.

Arabella, as I conjectured, did not delay to impart, to her aunt, the late adventure; for I observed that the eyes of that good woman dwelt upon me with a fresh accession of fondness and delight.

Having finished my third paper, I took it to Wellcot, who presented me with twenty guineas, and, further, acknowledged himself my debtor. Returning homeward, I cast up, in a pleasing kind of mental arithmetic, how much my weekly twenty guineas would amount to at the year's end, and found it much beyond my occasions, even in the state of matrimony.

I now looked upon myself as in the certain receipt of a plentiful income; and this encouraged me to press for the completion of my happiness. Decency, alone, could give difficulty or delay, in an affair that was equally the wish of all parties. We were privately married, in the presence of the Miss Hodginses and two or three other neighbours; and I was put into possession of the blushingest, fearfullest, and fondest of all brides.

Job very justly says, " Shall we receive
" good at the hands of God, and not
" receive evil?" And yet, I imagine, that
the recollection of past happiness, rather
heightens than alleviates the sense of pre-
sent distress. My soul, in those days, en-
joyed a tide of delight, to the fulness of
its wishes, and to the stretch of its capa-
city. I thought that, till then, no person
had ever loved as I loved. But the love
of my Arabella was a kind of passion,
that wanted a new name whereby to ex-
press it. It was an absence, a sort of
death to all other objects. It was a plea-
sure to paining, a distressful attention,
the avarice of a miser who watches over
his hoard, and joins to the rapture, with
which he beholds it, the terrifying ideas
of robbery and loss.

I had now, within the space of five
weeks, received about one hundred and
twenty guineas, on the sale of my Moni-
tor: when, going abroad, one evening,
I was stopped, within a few doors of my
house, by a genteel looking person, who
asked if my name was Clement? It is, Sir,
I answered. Then, Sir, says he, I arrest
you, in his Majesty's name, for sedition
and a libel against the Government. Then,
beckoning to three or four serjeants that

attended, he had me directly seized and conveyed toward Newgate.

As I was not of a timorous temper, nor conscious of the smallest tincture of the crimes with which I was charged, I should have made little more than a jest of this business; had I not trembled for the apprehensions of those who I knew would tremble for me.

On the way, this officer informed me, that my bookseller had betrayed me, and had confessed, to the Ministers, that I was the author of a famous pamphlet, intituled *The WEEKLY MONITOR*. Being delivered to the keeper, I put a few pieces into his hand, and was conducted to a decent apartment, considering the place.

I immediately sent for Humphry Cypher, Esq; serjeant at law, whom I had once occasionally fee'd in behalf of Mrs Graves; and I sent, at the same time, for a set of the *WEEKLY MONITOR*. When Mr Cypher came, I put five pieces into his hand; and, having told him my case, I requested him to peruse the papers in question, and to give me his opinion thereon.

Having read them with due attention; Mr Clement, says he, I perceive that you are a learned and ingenious young gentleman; but I find that you are better acquainted with the republics of Greece

than with the nature and constitution of our limited monarchy. Hence, alone, hath proceeded some lapses, and misapplications, that your adversaries would lay hold of. Yet, there is nothing grossly scurrilous or malicious, throughout; nor what may amount to the incurring of a præmunire, by the most violent constraint or wresting of the sense. If you are inclined, says he, to proceed in the course of these papers, I would advise you to put in bail, and to stand the action. But as I am persuaded that the court have commenced this prosecution, as a matter merely *in terrorem*, to deter you from a work that gives them great disgust, if you have any genteel friend, who would solicit in your favour, and promise a future conduct more amenable to power, you would undoubtedly be discharged, without further cost or trouble.

I returned my warm acknowledgments to the serjeant for his friendly counsel, and told him I would consider of it, before I gave him further trouble. When he was gone, I dispatched a letter to Mrs Graves, wherein I gave her an account of my present situation, in a manner as little alarming as possible. I requested her to provide bail for my appearance at bar; but insisted that, till

this was done, neither she nor Arabella should come to my prison; and that I had given express orders that they should not be admitted.

Alas! had they complied with my directions, how happy might we have been, all together, at this day. But the excess of their goodness was the cause of our common ruin. Their affection would not be satisfied with simple bail; and they resolved never to rest till they had procured my full discharge.

They went about to all their customers of any distinction. They solicited, petitioned, and bribed without measure. They borrowed money to the utmost extent of their credit; and pawned, or sold all their effects under prime cost. They gave a purse to one, to bring them acquainted with another; on whom they bestowed a larger sum, to introduce them to a third. Having, at length, made their way to Lord Stivers, an agent of the Minister, he thought he saw an advantage in granting their request, and my discharge was made out, without further delay.

On the fifth evening from my imprisonment, the door of my chamber opened, and in came my dear aunt with my dearer Arabella. They flew upon me; they clasped me, on each side, in their

arms ; and my wife, instantly, swooned away upon my bosom. She soon revived, however, at the known voice of love ; and, as every door of my enlargement had been previously opened, we went down, stepped into the coach, and drove home directly.

Here I saw the first subject and cause of alarm—the shop was shut up ! I was shocked, and felt a sudden chillness come upon me ; but did not venture to enquire except by my eyes.

The kettle being down, and all seated to tea, I introduced the affair, with an affected unconcern ; and, by question after question, artfully extracted, from my companions, the whole history and adventures of the five preceding days ; whereby I found, that they had expended in my behalf beyond the last penny of their own substance ; and that nothing remained, save one hundred and fifty pounds, to which the several deposits amounted which I had made with Mrs Graves.

I could now no longer contain myself. Cruel women, inhuman friends ! I cried ; the bitterness of enmity, the rancour of malice could never have brought an evil like this upon me. Accursed wretch that I am, ordained to be the instrument of

perdition to those, whom I would feed with my blood and foster with my vitals! Would to heaven I had not been born! or, would I had been cut off by some quick and horrid judgement, ere this had happened!

Here Mrs Graves drew her chair close to mine, and catching me about the neck, and dropping upon me a few tears, that she struggled to suppress: Do not grieve, my child, she cried, do not afflict yourself for nothing. All is as it should be. There is no harm done. Your Arabella and I can always earn genteel and independent bread, without shop or other means than the work of our hands. We can never want, my Hammy. We have done nothing for you. Neither has any thing happened wherewith you ought to reproach yourself. What we did was for ourselves, for the relief of the anguish of our own hearts; to bring you home to us again, as soon as possible, my son, since we found that we could live no longer without you.

Within a few days, I perceived that my dear aunt began to decline in her health, perhaps occasioned by her late fatigue and anxiety of spirits. I brought an able physician to her, but he could form no judgement of the nature of her disorder, till some time after, when her

complexion began to change, and the doctor declared her to be in the jaundice. He began to apply to the customary medicines, and no care nor expence was spared for her recovery. Arabella and I sat up with her, alternately, every night; and, all the day, we read to her some book of amusement, in order to dissipate the melancholy of her disease. But, alas! all our cares and remedies, our attention and solicitude, our prayers and our tears, proved equally unsuccessful; and, at the end of five months, she expired within our arms.

Arabella then quitted her hold, and crossing her arms upon her bosom, and looking eagerly on the face, once so lovely, and always beloved, You are then at peace, said she, my mother. O death! hadst thou not enough of terrors in thy aspect, without adding to thy agonies those of tearing from us that which we prized above life? O my friend! my only parent! my dearest dearest mother!—She could no more, but immediately fainted away upon the body.

I took her up in my arms, and, carrying her into the next room, I laid her on the bed; I ordered Jenny and the two nursekeepers to take care of her recovery,

and charged them not to permit her to see her aunt any more.

I then returned to the chamber, wherein the precious ruins of the half of my world was laid. I locked the door within side. I approached the body, and hung over it, and gazed upon it, with inexpressible emotion. I repeatedly clapped my hands together. I stooped down, and kissed, and re-kissed her cold lips, in an agony of affection. I gave a free scope to my tears, sobs, and lamentations. Ah! I cried, my parent; my patroness; ah, mother to the son of your unhappy election! Have I lost you, my only prop? Are you for ever departed from me, my support and consolation? I was abandoned by the world, by friends, father, and relations; but you became the world and all relations to me. 'I was a stranger, and you took me in; I was sick, and in prison, and you ministered unto me.' But you are gone, you are gone from me afar off; and I die a thousand deaths in the anguish of surviving you. Here you lie, my mother, the victim of your goodness to your unlucky guest. Wretch that I am! doomed to bring no portion, save that of calamity, to those who regard me. Wo of woes! where, now, shall I ease my soul of its insupportable burden? of the debt

with which it labours, to this kind creature? She will no more return, to take aught at my hands; and I must suffer the oppression through life, and through eternity!

Having thus vented the excesses of my passion, my spirits subsided into a kind of gloomy calm. I returned to my wife. —But I see, Sir, you are too much affected. I will not dwell on this melancholy scene any longer.

When I had discharged doctor's fees, apothecary's bills, and funeral expences, I found that our fortune did not amount to fifty pounds. My wife was now far advanced in her pregnancy; her labour was hastened by her grief and late fatigues; and she was delivered of that boy whom your charity a second time brought into this world.

As I was now all things to my Arabella, the only consolation she had upon earth, I never left her during her illness. By the time she was up and about, what with the charges of child-bearing, and a quarter's rent, &c. our fund was again sunk within the sum of ten pounds; and I was going, one evening, to look out for some employment, when we heard a rapping of distinction at the door.

Jenny came, in a hurry, and brought us word that Lord Stivers was in the parlour, and desired to speak with me. I went down, greatly surprised, and something alarmed at his visit. Mr Clement, says he, with a familiar air, I have long wished to see you ; but I did not think it seasonable to disturb you, during the misfortune of your family, and the illness of your wife. YOUR WEEKLY MONITORS have genius and spirit, but they have done some mischief which we wish to have remedied. As how, pray, my Lord? Why, Mr Clement, I never knew a writing in favour of liberty, or against any measures of government, which the populace did not wrest in favour of licentiousness, and to the casting aside of all manner of rule. Now, Mr Clement, we want you to undertake our cause, which is, by much, the more reasonable and orderly side of the argument ; in short, we want you to refute your own papers.

O, my Lord, I answered, I should think it an honour to serve your Lordship or the Ministry, on any other occasion ; but in a matter that must bring public infamy upon me, indeed, my Lord you must excuse me. I should be pointed at, as an apostate and prostitute, by all men, and bring my person and writings into such disgrace, as

would for ever disable me from serving either myself or your Lordship.

Well, Sir, replied my Lord, I will not, then, insist on a formal refutation of your own writings. I only ask, if you are willing to engage in our quarrel, as far as is consistent with honour and truth? I am, my Lord, I rejoined, as far as is consistent with my own credit and the good of my country.

The good of your country, Mr Clement, says my Lord! I hope you do not think that government is contrary to the good of your country. Pray, in what do you make this LIBERTY consist, of which you are become so eminent a patron?

There are two sorts of LIBERTY, my Lord, I answered: the first constitutes the duty and happiness of a man, independent of community; the second constitutes the privilege and happiness of a man, merely as he is a member of any state or commonwealth.

Independent of community, a man is so far free and no further, than he acts up to the dictates of reason and duty, in despite of inward appetite and outward influence.

As a member of community, a man is so far free, and no further, than as every other member of that community is le-

gally restrained from injuring his person, or encroaching on his property.

Inimitably well defined, cried his Lordship! I have read volumes, in folio, upon the subject, but never knew what LIBERTY was before. Well, Mr Clement, as this LIBERTY of yours is, in all respects, so opposite to the licentiousness I was talking of; it cannot but make, mainly, in favour of a good government. I therefore request you to write a treatise to the purpose of your definition; and to take us with you as far as you can. We shall not be ungrateful; we are good paymasters, Sir. Why do you hesitate? Did you not tell me you were disposed to serve us?

My Lord, I replied, I fear I should fall greatly short of your expectations. I am not studied in the constitution of modern states, and how should I be able to justify any government, with respect to measures that perhaps are a secret to all except the Ministers? I must further observe to your Lordship, that my former field would be greatly contracted on this occasion. It is very easy and obvious to find fault and to call in question; but, to vindicate truth itself against popular prejudice, *hoc opus hic labor est.*

Mr Clement, says my Lord, I am proud that we have got a gentleman of so much honesty and ingenuity to befriend us. It shall be my care to provide you with materials, and I am confident that so great a master of his instrument, as you are, will make excellent music on a few fundamental notes. Here are twenty guineas earnest, and ten guineas shall be paid you weekly, till we can fix you in some station of due honour and advantage. I will take a glass or a dish of tea with you, in a few days, and I wish you a good evening.

On the third morning after this interview, my Lord returned with a large bundle of *anti-patria* pamphlets in his chariot, and some manuscript-notes and hints for my instruction. He breakfasted with us, and was easy, polite, and chearful.

I now entered on my new province, but not with usual ardour. As I had, formerly, lashed the insolence, encroachments, and rapaciousness of power, less ambitious of conquest over aliens and enemies, than over the very people it was ordained to protect; I now, on the other hand, rebuked with like acrimony, the riotous, factious, and seditious propensities of a turbulent, licentious, and unsatisfied people, ever repugnant to government,

and reluctant to the rein of the gentlest ruler. I proved, from many authorities, and instances, derived from Greece and Rome, that power is never so dangerous to a populace, as when it is taken into their own hands; that the governors and governed, by the violence of collision, are apt to fly to extremes, on either side; that anarchy is the most direct of all roads to tyranny; and that a people, who have no will to be governed, reduce themselves to the necessity of being crushed, insulted, and governed, whether they will or no.

Now, Sir, though I thus, alternately, sided with the people against power, and with power against the people; yet I struck at nothing but faults, on either hand; and equally asserted, on both sides of the question, the cause of my country, of liberty, and truth.

I took five times the pains with these latter papers than I had with the former, and yet I confess I had not equal pleasure in the delivery. I am also persuaded, that these had more than double the merit of the other; and, in point of sentiment, moral and general instruction, were of twenty times the value to mankind: but how can that instruct which is not attended to? It was intimated to the people, that

these had been written at the instance of their governors; and they would not have listened to an oracle, if uttered from that quarter.

Six months had now elapsed in these lucubrations. I had delivered to my wife two hundred and sixty guineas, the weekly price of my labours. We had lived with great frugality. Arabella had again taken in as much work as her nursing and attention to the child would admit. And we had some pieces left of our former remnant, when Lord Stivers called in upon me, with pleasure and good news, as it were, prologue in his aspect.

Mr Clement, says he, I want to speak to you, apart. I had yesterday some talk with the minister about you, and he has promised me four hundred a-year pension for you, till something better can be done; and this is to be wholly clear and over your weekly wages of ten guineas, while we keep you so hard at work. But, tell me, Clement, says he, laying his hand with an affectionate familiarity upon my shoulder, are you of a jealous temper? The furthest from it, my Lord, of any man breathing. O, I am glad of that; but, if you were, I have nothing exceptionable to propose. To be short; half a dozen of noblemen, all my friends, and

people of strict probity and virtue, have engaged to spend a share of to-morrow, in a party of pleasure upon the Thames; and we have, each of us, laid a bet of a hundred guineas, that, from the number of his relations, his friends, or acquaintance, he will bring the prettiest woman to this field of contention. I had fixed on lady Fanny Standish, a lovely creature, and a relation of my own, but she, unfortunately happened to be pre-engaged to one of my rivals. I am, therefore, quite at a loss, and must, infallibly, lose my wager, if you do not favour me with the company of Mrs Clement. With her I can make no question of conquest; and I give you my honour to pour into her lap the whole five hundred guineas, the just prize of her beauty.

Why, my Lord, I answered, this is indeed a very pleasant project, and has nothing in it exceptionable, that I can perceive, if no one was to know any thing of the matter. But what will the world say to see your Lordship so paired? Psha, damn the world, Clement? I am your world, man. Your Lordship has a very good right to damn an inferior world, I rejoined; but the world has an equal right, and would certainly make use of it, in the damnation of my wife. What, said he, warmly, you

will not then confide her to my friendship and honour? I will not, my Lord, confide her honour, unnecessarily, to any man, from under that guardianship and protection which I vowed to her in marriage. It is very well, Mr Clement, you may hear from me to-morrow. And away he went.

He was equal to his word. The very next morning, I was arrested at his suit for two hundred and fourscore guineas, the amount of all that I had received from him; and I was hurried to the Fleet-prison, without being permitted to speak to any one.

As my Lord knew, that on issue, I must cast him in his action, and further, come upon him for a special damage and false ducats, it instantly occurred that this was merely a stratagem, for the seduction of my Arabella, and her defenceless state gave me inexpressible torture. I immediately wrote her an account of my situation and apprehensions, which, unhappily for all parties, were too well founded. But Sir, I will give you a detail of these extraordinary events, in the order of time in which they happened, as I afterwards learned them, from the mouth of my wife, and from the testimony of others, on trial in public court.

Before my wife could have the least intelligence of my confinement, my Lord paid her a visit; and entering with his accustomed freedom and good humour, Mrs Clement, says he, I am come to prevent your being alarmed, when you should hear that I sent your husband to the Fleet-prison this morning. But to convince you that I intend him no manner of harm, I have here brought you the money for which he was arrested; and it is at your own choice, to release him within this hour, or on the feast of Saint Simpleton, if you are not in a hurry. So saying, he put a large purse into her hand. And pray, my Lord, then demanded Arabella, on what account was it that you had him arrested? To punish him, answered my Lord, for being the most jealous-pated coxcomb in Europe. Jealous, my Lord! pray of whom can he be jealous? Of you and I, Madam. Of us, my Lord? sure we never gave him cause. No, that I'll be sworn, rejoined my Lord; but more is the pity; the jealousy came first, and the cause ought now, in all conscience, to follow.

Before the last words had escaped his mouth, he sprung forward, and catching her in his arms, he pressed and kissed her with the rudest ardour. But quickly

disengaging herself, and pushing him violently from her, I see you are a villain, she cried, and desire that you will instantly quit my house; and so saying, she threw the purse out at the door. My Lord, however, stood his ground; and, looking at her with astonishing ease and unconcern, Mrs Clement, says he, the destiny of your husband and yourself is in my hands, and I must tell you it does not become you to treat your best friend in so injurious a manner. I have here brought you a settlement of five hundred a-year, for life. It is perfected to you without condition, and how far you will be grateful, lies wholly at your own election. May heaven forsake me, she cried, when I accept the smallest advantage from you or your fortune! Well, well, Arabella, replied my Lord, I must and will have you, on your terms, or my own; but if you had really a mind to contest this business with me, what a little fool you were, so simply to cast away the sinews of war? I leave you, child, for the present, to wiser reflections; then insolently smiling in her face, he retired.

As soon as he was gone, my wife hurried to the Miss Hodginses, and prevailed upon one of them to keep her company till she should be able to procure my en-

largement. She then went to a person who dealt in household furniture, and requested him to come the next morning and make a purchase of some goods that she had to dispose of. And, lastly, she writ me a letter, with an account of all these matters : and a promise to be with me the day following.

I should have apprised you before this, that our faithful and affectionate Jenny had forsaken us. A small legacy had been left her, whereupon she quitted service, and went to live with her parents, and we were obliged to hire a strange maid in her room.

The next day, Arabella sold as much of her furniture to the forementioned dealer and some neighbours, as amounted to upwards of forty guineas. She had put these, with her former deposit of two hundred and sixty, into her pocket ; it was now afternoon, and she was joyfully preparing to come and give me freedom, when our new maid entered and told Miss Hodgins, that a lady waited for her at home, on earnest business, but promised not to detain her above five minutes. Alas ! Miss Hodgins was scarce gone, when Lord Stivers entered, and my wife giving a violent shriek, dropped backward in a chair.

Lord Stivers thereupon drew another chair, and with an impudent appearance of tenderness, seated himself beside her. My dear Arabella, said he, don't be alarmed. By heaven, I am not come to do you the smallest injury. I tell you, however, that you are wholly in my power. Your street-door is bolted. I have two able footmen below in your kitchen; and the maid, who contrived to get your friend out of the way, is much more my servant than yours, I assure you. I have loved you long, my Arabella, and the frequent visits I paid are to be placed to your credit, and not to that of the stupid politics with which I amused your husband. And now, my angel, if you will make any concession, but the slightest return to the excess of my passion and fondness for you, I here vow to you perpetual faith and constancy for life, and both my fortune and person shall be wholly devoted to you. But don't attempt to impose, don't hope to deceive me.

No, no, my Lord, she cried, I will not deceive you, by pretending to sacrifice the least article of duty to your person or fortune. I see that I am in danger; on the brink of perdition. I see that hell is strong, and subtle at devices. Heaven save me, any how! strike, strike me dead,

this instant! You thunders and earthquakes, that once were my terrors, be now my deliverers!

Why, my Arabella, says Lord Stivers, this is all very fine. It is the sweetest rant I ever heard. And you are the sweetest girl, upon my soul, that ever I saw. I perceive that you are really alarmed, my love; but, what is it that frights you? you shall never receive any treatment from me, save proofs of the fondness and violence of my affection. Recall your spirits, child; and prepare yourself, with patience, for what must be. For I swear, Arabella, that no power in the universe shall snatch you, this hour, from the ardour of my caresses.

The wretched object of the lust of this barbarous man then dropped upon her knees in a frantic agony: O God! she cried out, if you are in heaven, if you hear and see these things; if virtue and purity are not an offence unto you; send, send, and deliver me by some sudden salvation! O, my Lord, once our generous patron and protector, the friend and support of our declining house! would you now tumble into deep and irreparable ruins, the work of your own hands? Alas, you know not what you do; you cannot guess at the horrors you are about to

perpetrate. If ever you had a touch of pity. If ever—but what shall I say? If you do not, like devils, delight in the miseries of wretches, damned for eternity, shield, shield me, my dear Lord; be you yourself my saviour, from this my hour of terrors, from this hell that is come upon me. I have already suffered the pangs of death, in the bare apprehension. I will never live to bear in me, and about me, a detestable being. Hope it not; dream not of it. By heaven! I will not a moment survive my pollution. O mercy! mercy! mercy! and, so saying, her voice was stopped by an agony of sobs and tears.

Charming girl! enchanting creature! exclaimed the deliberate villain; every action, every word, intended to dissuade, are fresh fuel and incitement to my passion for you, my Arabella. But I see that you will not consent to my happiness, and that I must give you an apology, for your acceptance of any favour or fortune at my hands.

So saying he arose: and up she sprung at the instant; and running to the furthest corner of the room, recollected all her spirits and force for her defence. She struggled, and shrieked, and called out upon heaven and earth to save her.

But no help appearing nigh, she suddenly recollected a pair of long and sharp-pointed scissars that she had in her pocket; and, in the moment that Lord Stivers threw her prone upon the floor, she drew them forth, and, aiming at him with all her strength, she almost buried the weapon in his left side; whereat he gave a loud curse, and over he tumbled, gasping and groveling beside her.

Up she got, with all haste, and running to the cradle where her infant lay crying, she caught him in her arms; and opening the chamber-door softly, and shutting it after her, she stepped down stairs as upon feathers, and stealing to the street-door, she opened it suddenly, rushed into the street, and hurried on till she came to a stand of coaches; where she hired the first she met, threw herself hastily into it, and desired the man to drive with all speed to the Fleet-prison.

On her arrival, she discharged the action and fees of arrest, with all possible dispatch, and then hurried up to my apartment. On the first glimpse, I sprung to her, and caught her in my arms with unspeakable transport; but finding the child with her, and observing that her breath was quick and uneven, I withdrew a step or two, and looked eagerly at her; and

perceiving that she was pale, and had a kind of wildness in her eyes and motions. What is the matter? my love, I cried, what has happened to you? I have not been well, she answered, with an affected unconcern before the keeper. But pray come down, my dear, you are much wanted, and the coach is in waiting.

Nothing further passed between us; till we got into the coach, and that my wife desired the man to drive to some neighbouring street, and to stop at the first door where he saw a bill for lodgings. For lodgings again, I demanded; for whom does my Arabella desire to take lodgings? For you and I, Mr Clement, for you and I, she cried, wringing her hands together; Lord Stivers lies weltering in his blood at our house, deprived of life within this half hour by my unhappy hand.

I was suddenly struck dumb with surprise and horror. All the occasions and consequences of this direfull event whirled through my imagination in a fearfull succession. What must now become of my soul's sole enjoyment! what indignities must have been offered! what violation might she not, or rather, must she not have suffered, before she could be brought to perpetrate so terrible a deed! I grew instantly sick, and putting my

head through the window, desired the coachman to stop at the first tavern. I ordered the drawer to hasten with a pint of Spanish white-wine to the door, and I pressed and compelled my wife to swallow a part. Our spirits being in some degree settled thereby, we drove to a private street on the right hand of Cheapside, where I took a back-room and closet, up two pair of stairs, at one Mrs Jennett's, an old maid and a mantua-maker. I immediately ordered a fire to be kindled, and the tea-things to be laid, and, giving the servant a crown, desired her to bring the value in proper ingredients.

The evening was now shut in; and while the maid was abroad, not a syllable passed between my wife and me. I dreaded to inquire of what I still more dreaded to understand; and Arabella seemed to labour under some mighty oppression; when retiring to the closet, where our bed stood, she covered her child up warm, and kneeling down by his side, broke forth into a violent torrent of tears. intermingled with heavings and half-strangled sobs.

I sat still without seeming to observe her emotion. I was sensible that nature wanted this kindly relief. The teas and sugars were brought, the kettle was put on

the fire, and the maid had again retired ; when I gently called to my Arabella, to come forth, with a voice of the truest love and softest endearment, that ever yet breathed from a human bosom.

Her eyes were already wiped, her countenance composed, and her motions and demeanour much more settled than before. She sat down with a rising sigh, which she checked with a half smile. My Arabella, said I, my only joy, my unmeasured blessing ! what is it that thus distracts my dearer part of existence ? Your mind, your spirit, my angel, is still pure and unpolluted ; and bodies are, merely as bodies, incapable of defilement, being doomed from our birth to dissolution and corruption.

Ah, my Hammy, she exclaimed, you are quite beside the mark ; I sigh not, I weep not, I grieve not for myself. I fear not, nor regard the consequences, however fatal, of what has happened—Suppose a sudden and shameful death— I thank my God for it, death will offer me up a victim still pure and unpolluted. But O the wretched Stivers, what is now become of him ! sent, so suddenly and unprovided, to his eternal audit. Unhappy that I am ! perhaps an instrument of perdition to an immortal being. Ah, rather

that I had not been born! would I had perished in his steel! A death in the cause of virtue had been my advocate for mercy.

How is this? my Arabella, I cried. Is condemnation then to be brought upon the good, because they oppose themselves to evil? Would you have censured any one living, except yourself, for having given you this deliverance, by the death of the ravisher? No, surely, in the daily and nightly robberies, massacres, and assassinations, that the violent machinate against the peaceful; is it the fault of those who stand in the defence of righteousness, that villains often perish in the act of transgression? Tell me, my sweet mourner; in the sacking of a city, when the lustful and bloody soldiery are loosed to their whole delight in burnings, rapes, rapines, slaughters, howlings, and violations; is it the perpetrators of all these horrors that you compassionate, when they happened to be crushed in the ruins they have wrought? Meritorious, my Arabella, most meritorious were that hand who should cut a whole host of such infernals from the earth; remaining innocence and virtue would be his debtors for ever. Commiseration to the flagitious is cruelty to

the just ; and he who spareth them becomes the accomplice of all their future crimes.

During tea, my wife gave me an ample narrative of all that happened at our house while I was in confinement. As she spoke, I was first speechless with fearful and panting expectation ; I was then kindled into fury and a vehement thirst of vengeance ; and, lastly, I was elevated into an awful rapture. I looked at my wife with eyes swimming with love and veneration ; I rose from my seat ; I threw myself on my knees before her : Adorable creature ! I cried, divine Arabella ! supreme excellence of woman ! thus let me worship, through the purest of all mediums, that GODHEAD who inspires and delights in such perfections.

Our fortune was now reduced to very little more than fifteen guineas. We had no clothes but what we wore ; and we did not dare to go or send to our house for others, neither to make ourselves known to any acquaintance. We went by the name of Stapleton ; and on the following night I ventured abroad, and bought for myself a few second-hand shirts, with a common gown, and some changes of linen for my wife.

On the fifth day at breakfast, while Arabella was casting her eye over a new-paper that she had borrowed from Mrs Jennett, she turned suddenly pale. What, she cried, before I could question her, accused of robbery, as well as murder! that is hard indeed. But I trust that my lot shall not exceed my resignation. And so saying, she handed me over the paper with a smile, in which heaven appeared to open.

The advertisement ran thus———

‘ WHEREAS Arabella Clement, alias
 ‘ Graves, did, on the 15th day of
 ‘ September instant, most barbarously
 ‘ stab and murder the Right Hon.
 ‘ James * * * *, late Lord Stivers, at
 ‘ a house of ill report, where she for-
 ‘ merly had kept a milliner’s shop, in
 ‘ Fleet-street: and whereas she did fur-
 ‘ ther rob the said Right Hon. &c. of
 ‘ a large purse of money, his gold re-
 ‘ peater, snuff-box, diamond-ring, &c.
 ‘ and did lastly flee for the same, as may
 ‘ be proved, and is evident from the
 ‘ examination and testimony of three
 ‘ concurring witnesses: Now his Ma-
 ‘ jesty, in his gracious abhorrence of
 ‘ such crimes, doth hereby promise a
 ‘ reward of three hundred guineas to
 ‘ any person who shall stop, discover,

‘ or arrest the said Arabella, so as that
‘ she may be brought to condign
‘ and adequate punishment, if any such
‘ may be found, for such unequalled
‘ offences.’

O, said my wife, I perceive that my enemies will swear home indeed. Their plunder of Lord Stivers can no way be assured save by my condemnation. But be it as it may; that Providence, who over-rules the wickedness of this world may yet give submission a clue to escape its perplexities: and my innocence, I trust, will be an equivalent to all that the world can inflict, and much more than an equivalent to all that it can bestow.

I now had every thing to fear for my Arabella, as well from the interested villainy of the witnesses, as from the power of the ministry, and the resentment of the relations of so great a man; and I looked upon her death to be as certain as her capture. Had I been the first in remainder, to the greatest estate of England, I would have exchanged my whole interest for as much ready cash as would have served to convey us to some region of safety. But this was not practicable, with the very small remainder of the wreck of our fortune; and we had taken our lodging certain at fifty shillings per quarter.

We appeared as little as possible, even to the lodgers of the house; and I intimated to my landlady, that it was the fate of many a gentleman to be obliged to abscond, till his affairs could be compounded with hard-hearted creditors.

During the space of nine months, our principal diet was weak tea and bread; and if we ventured, at odd times, on a small joint of meat, it served us cold, hashed and minched, from one week to the other.

As my wife did not dare to take in work, nor I to stir abroad to look for employment, our chief entertainment was the reading some old folio books of history and divinity, which I borrowed from Mrs Jennett, and which had belonged to her father.

How small must be the cravings of simple nature, when a family, like ours, accustomed to affluence, could subsist, in London, without murmuring, for upward of nine months, on less than eight guineas! but our fund was now exhausted to a few shillings; and my sword, watch, and buckles, were also gone, in discharge of our three quarters rent to the landlady. Ruin stared us in the face. I beheld as it were a gulph, unfathomable and impassable, opening beneath our feet, and heaven and earth joining to push us down the precipice.

We yet lived a month longer, on coarse bread and cold water, with a little milk which we got, now and then, for the child; but I concealed from my wife, that we had not a single sixpence now left upon earth.

I looked up to Heaven, but without love or confidence. Dreadful Power! I cried, who thus breakest to powder the poor vessels of thy creation! thou art said to be a bounteous and benevolent caterer to the spawn of the ocean, and to the worms of the earth. Thou clothest the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest; they hunger, and find a banquet at hand. Thou sheddest the dew of thy comforts, even on the unrighteous; thou openest thy hand, and all things living are said to be filled with plenteousness. Are we, alone, excepted from the immensity of thy works! shall the piety of my wife, shall the innocence of my infant, thus famish, unprotected and unpitied, before thee!

Ah! it is I who am the accursed thing; who brings plagues upon all with whom I am connected. Even the labours of my life, the issues of my honest industry, have been changed, by thy ordinances, into nothing but damage; to the imprisonment of my person, to the ruin of those who had the misfortune to befriend.

me; and to the death, danger and desolation of all whom I held dear. I strive, in vain, with thy Omnipotence; it is too mighty for me, and crushes me below the centre. Pour out then the vessels of thy wrath upon my head, but, on my head alone, O just Creator! and take these little ones to thy mercy, for they cannot have participated of the guilt thou art pleased to impute to me.

The night was now advanced; but that which fell upon my soul was a night which would admit no ray of comfort, nor looked ever to behold another morning. I wished for dissolution to myself, to the universe. I wished to see the two proprietors of my soul's late affections now lying pale and breathless before my eyes. I would not have endured my hell another moment. I would have given myself instant death; but I dreaded to leave my desolate widow, and helpless orphan, without a friend, as I then conceived, either in heaven or earth.

My wife had lain down, with her infant, on the bed. A sudden reflection started. My death, thought I, may yet be useful to those for whom only I could wish to live. I rose, frantically determined. My brain was on fire. I took down an old pistol, which hung in a corner; I

put it in my breast ; down stairs I went, and issued to the street.

I was bent on something desperate, but knew not what. I had not gone far, when I saw a large tavern open beside me. I passed through the entry, and, running up stairs, boldly entered the dining-room, where a numerous company of gentlemen sat round their bottle. I clapt to the door ; and taking out the pistol, Gentlemen, I cried, I starve, I die for want ; resolve, instantly, to relieve, or to perish along with me.

They all fixed their eyes upon me ; but the meagre frenzy, as I suppose, which they saw in my countenance, held them silent. The person who sat nearest directly took out his purse and presented it to me. I, again, returned it to him, and putting up my pistol, No, no, Sir, I cried, I will not take your gold, I am no robber. But give me some silver, among ye, to keep, a while, from the grave, three creatures who furnish amidst a plentiful world.

They all, as with one consent, put their hands to their pockets, and instantly made a heap of upwards of three pounds. I devoured it with my eyes ; I beheld it as a mint of money ; and panting, and grappling at it like a vulture. I stuffed it

into a side-pocket ; and being too full of acknowledgments to thank my benefactors, by word or token, I burst forth into tears, and, turning from them, I got once more into the street, without any interruption.

I made directly home, and, stepping softly up stairs, I first restored the pistol to its old station. I then went to the closet, where my wife lay, still asleep, I gently waked her, by the fondness of my caresses. My Arabella, I cried, I have ventured out, for the first time, and heaven has sent us some small relief by a friend that I happened to meet. Here my love, I said, putting a crown into her hand, call the maid, and send out for some comfortable sustenance ; our fast has been long indeed.

Within a few days, our strength and our spirits began to recruit, though we still continued to live much within the bounds of temperance. My soul, again, settled into a kind of sullen calm, and looked forth, though at a distance, to some future dawning.

One day, as my landlady's Bible lay shut before me, a sudden thought occurred. I breathed up to God a short and silent ejaculation, beseeching him to instruct me in what I ought to do, by the

passage upon which my thumb should happen to rest, in opening the book. I instantly made the venture, and found the following words : ‘ I will arise and go to
‘ my father, and will say unto him, Fa-
‘ ther, I have sinned against thee, and
‘ before heaven, and am no more wor-
‘ thy to be called thy son.’

Alas, I was far from imagining at that time, that it was no other than my Father in heaven who called me, and who would thereby have directed and conducted me to himself.

I puzzled and racked my memory, to discover in what I had given just offence to my earthly progenitor, but resolved, at all events, to observe the admonition.

In the dusk of the evening I tied my handkerchief, sailor-like, about my neck, I pulled my wig forward, and flouching my hat, I slid out of doors ; and stooping half double, I limped with a counterfeited gait toward my father’s. I was duly apprized, that if I knocked at the door, or directly inquired for him, I should not be admitted. I, therefore, walked to and again, now near, now aloof, for near an hour, before his door, in patient expectation of his appearance.

I had repeated this exercise for five successive evenings, when the door at length

opened, and a servant in livery came up and accosted me, Is your name Clement, Sir? Suppose it were, says I. Supposing so, replied he, I am ordered to tell you, that my master is well informed of all your wicked designs, and that if ever you appear again in sight of his windows, he will send you to Newgate, without bail or mainprize, and prosecute you to the last of the laws of the land.

We parted without another word, and I crossed over the way to a chandler's shop. The good woman of the house also happened to sell some small ale in her back apartments. I called for a mug, and requested her company for a few minutes. After some introductory chat, I addressed her in a manner that I judged most engaging for one in her sphere. She very freely told me the history of my father and his present family; and further, that it was his custom on every Monday and Friday to repair to the Tradesman's Club, at the Golden-anchor in Temple-lane, about eight of the clock at night, and not to return till about eleven.

I went home something satisfied with this intelligence, as I now knew where to find my unnatural parent, though his last barbarous and insulting message had

rendered me hopeless, and quite averse to any kind of application to him.

We had now lived three months longer on the last booty, or charity, I know not which to call it. We were again reduced to the last shilling, and what was still worse, our landlady became importunate for her quarter's rent. My wife had lately requested her to look out for some sempstry-work among the neighbours. This she promised to do, but purposely declined, as she and her family got the benefit of her labour *gratis*.

I began again to return to my former evil thoughts. I resolved to make war upon the whole race of man, rather than my wife and infant should perish in my sight: but I reflected, that it was more equitable to begin with a father, on whom nature had given me a right of dependence, than to prey upon strangers, on whom necessity alone could give me any claim.

It was Monday night. The clock struck ten. I took down the old pistol, and marched toward the Anchor. I patroled near the place of expectation above an hour. The night was excessive dark, and no lamps in that part. At length I listened to the sound of distant steps, and

soon after heard a voice cry Murder, murder, robbery ! Watch, watch !

I ran to the cry, and perceived one man on the ground, and another stooping, in act to rifle his pockets. I instantly drew my pistol, and striking at the robber's head with my full force, I laid him senseless on the pavement. I then gently raised the other, who was bleeding and stunned by the stroke he had received. I supported him step by step, toward a distant lamp, where at length we arrived, and found a tavern open. I entered, and ordered a room with fire and lights ; and desired that a surgeon should be immediately called. The gentleman, whose face was nearly covered with blood and dirt, began now to recover his strength and senses. I got him to swallow a small dram of spirits, and he stepped with me up stairs, scarcely leaning on my shoulder.

While we sat by the fire, and a napkin and warm water were getting ready, the stranger grew passionate in his acknowledgment for the life, which he said he owed me, and which service he promised to recompence to the stretch of his power and fortunes. But when he had washed and wiped away the blood and dirt from his face ; heaven ! what was my emotion at the sight of an aspect once so

loved and so revered! All my injuries and resentments vanished instantly from my memory. I fell at his knees with a great cry, Is it you then, my father? my once dear, my ever dear and lamented father? Is it the face of a father that I at last behold? I burst into tears: I wept aloud. I interruptedly demanded, Will you not know me? will you not own me? will not nature speak in you? will you not acknowledge your son, your once beloved Hammel, so long the comfort of your age, and the pride of your expectations?

While I spoke, my father looked wild and eager upon me. He, at length, recollected me through all my leanness and poor apparel; and hesitating, replied, I, I, believe indeed you are my child Hammel, and straight fainted away.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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